DC

PLOP!

THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

20c

NO. 2 DEC.

30610

PLOP!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

ART ARTERIES sez: "I'm **proud** of having the **world's longest arteries,** but now my problem is **escaping** from roving bands of fanatical **spaghetti lovers!**"

NUMBER 2

CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

PLOP!

ZA-142

JOE ORLANDO, EDITOR & CHIEF GURU
Michael Fleisher, Associate Editor & House Hippie

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Alfredo Alcala — Jack Oleck
George Kashdan — Steve Skeates
and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!

TABLE OF PLOP-TENTS

WELCOME TO PLOP
By popular demand, the editors set aside three pages of this magazine for you nincompoops out there who still don't understand what PLOP means 1-3

THE DEMAND!
A happy, wholesome little tale, in which Sergio Aragones explores the whimsical side of going to the electric chair 4-7

PLOPS (I)
You're fed up with the violence and sickness all around you, right? You'd like to have some good, clean fun for a change, right, fans? Well, here are a few choice PLOPS. As for that good, clean fun you said you wanted, are you sure you haven't purchased the wrong magazine by mistake? 8-10

PLOP-DROP
A special page set aside by our editors for "love letters" to PLOP! 11

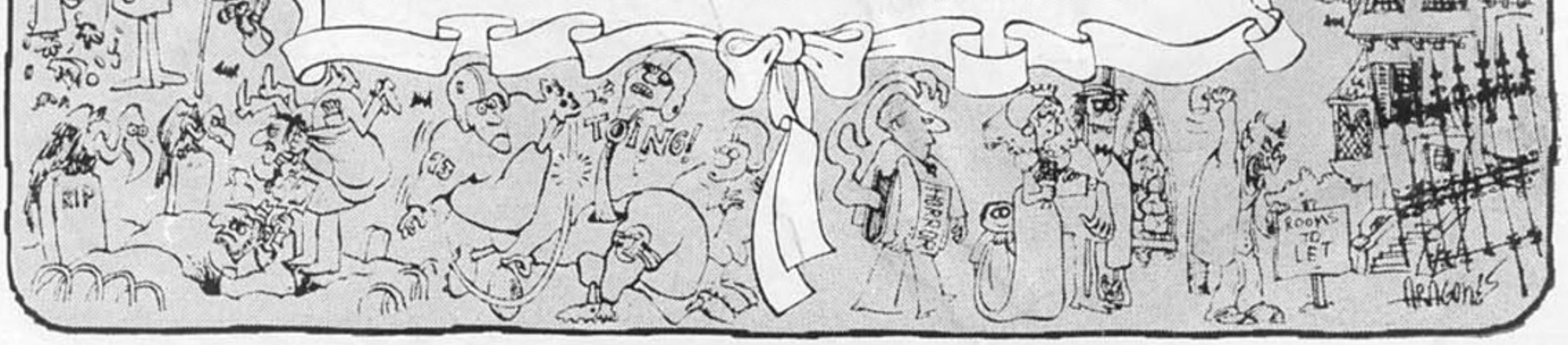
NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL
We wanted a story that your average guy could get involved in, so we cooked one up about two average guys who rob graves for a living 12-18

PLOPS (II)
By now you're sick of the same old glop, so take time out for a little more PLOP! 19-20

HEY, SKINNY
PLOP takes on the old tale about the 90-pound weakling, and decides that a dog's life may be better than no life at all 21-24

PLOPS (III)
Roses are red, violets are blue, the dumbbells at PLOP have some PLOPS for you 25

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
We were hoping for a really great story to wrap up this issue, but Nick Cardy and George Kashdan put their heads together and came up with this, uh, turkey! 26-32



HI THERE, ALL YOU FEAR AND FOOLISHNESS FANCIERS! WELCOME TO THE SECOND THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF ***PLOP!*** WE HOPE YOU LIKED OUR ***FIRST*** ISSUE. BUT IF YOU THINK ***THAT*** WAS SOMETHING, WAIT UNTIL YOU GET A LOAD OF SOME OF THE STORIES...

HEY, ***WAIT*** A MINUTE! ***WAIT*** A MINUTE! WHAT DOES ***PLOP MEAN?*** I DON'T THINK I REALLY ***UNDERSTAND*** THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK!

ZA-82A

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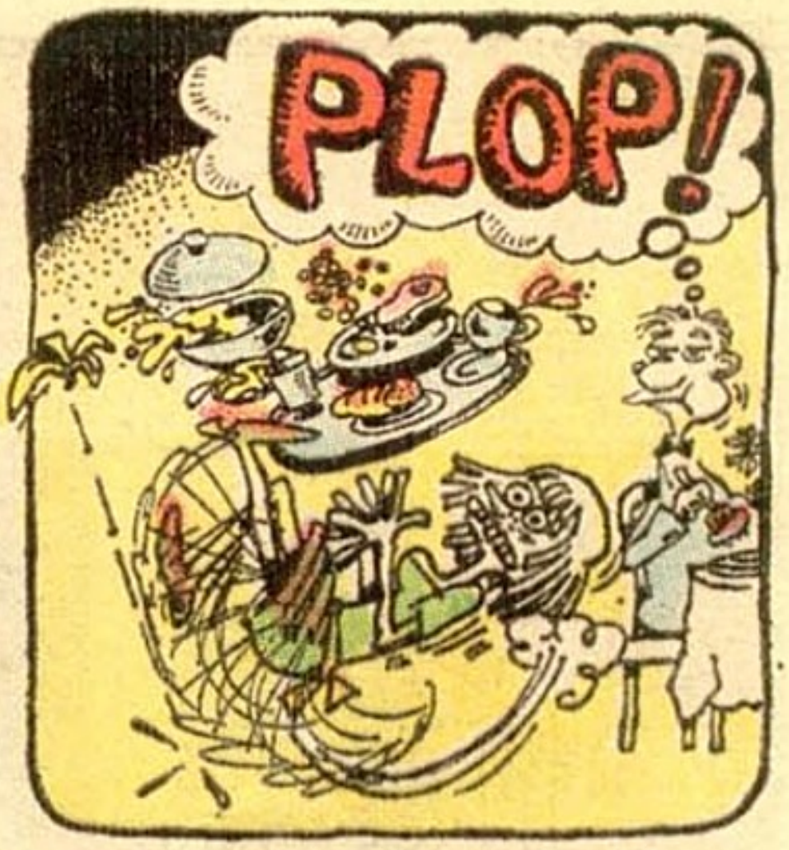
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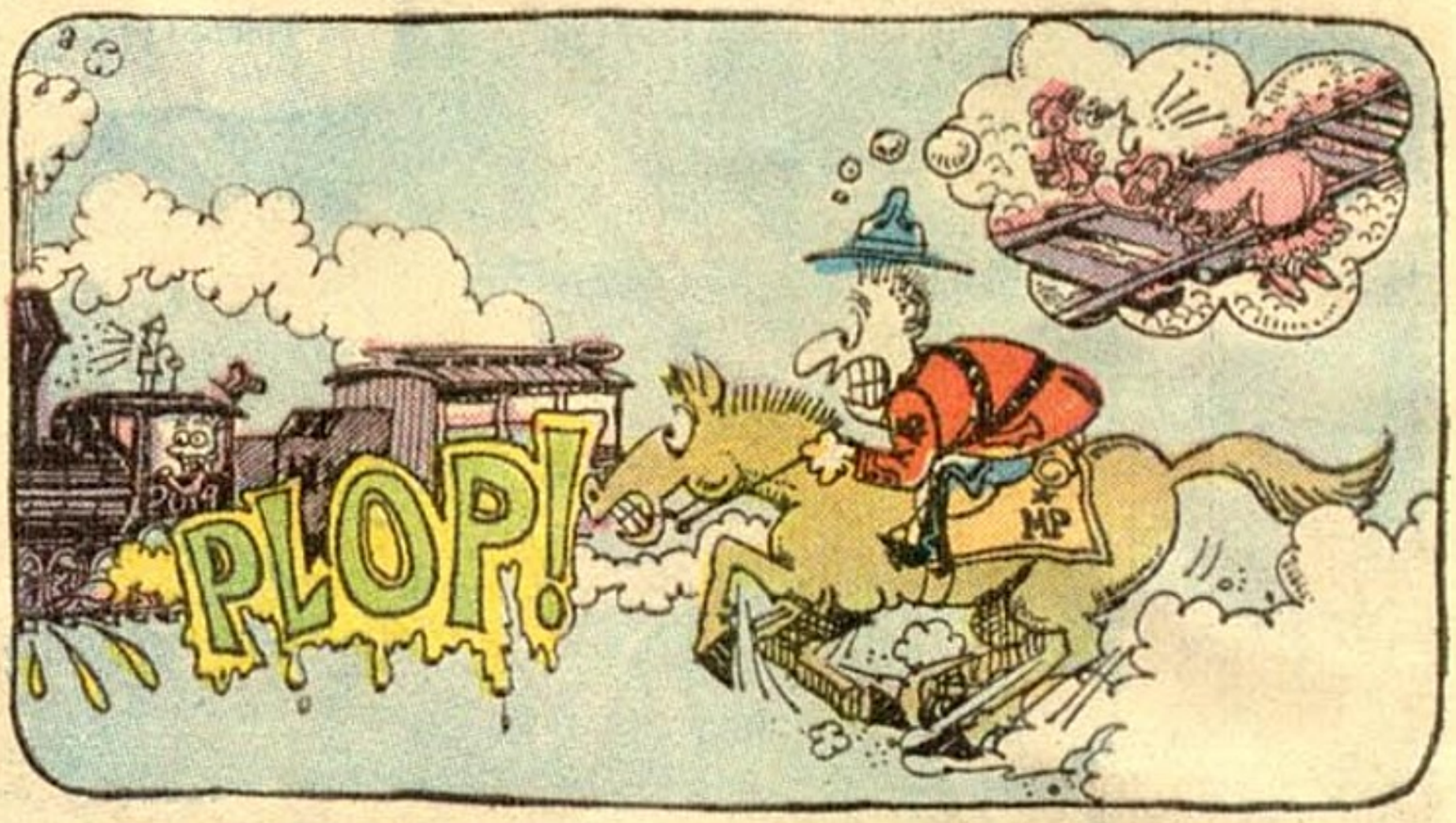
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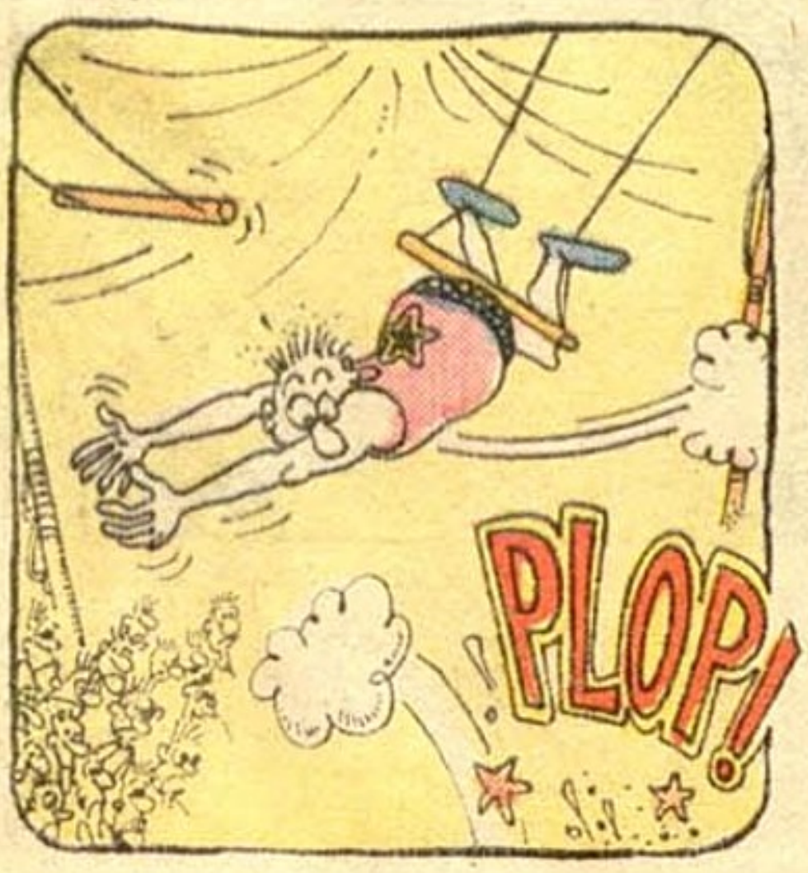
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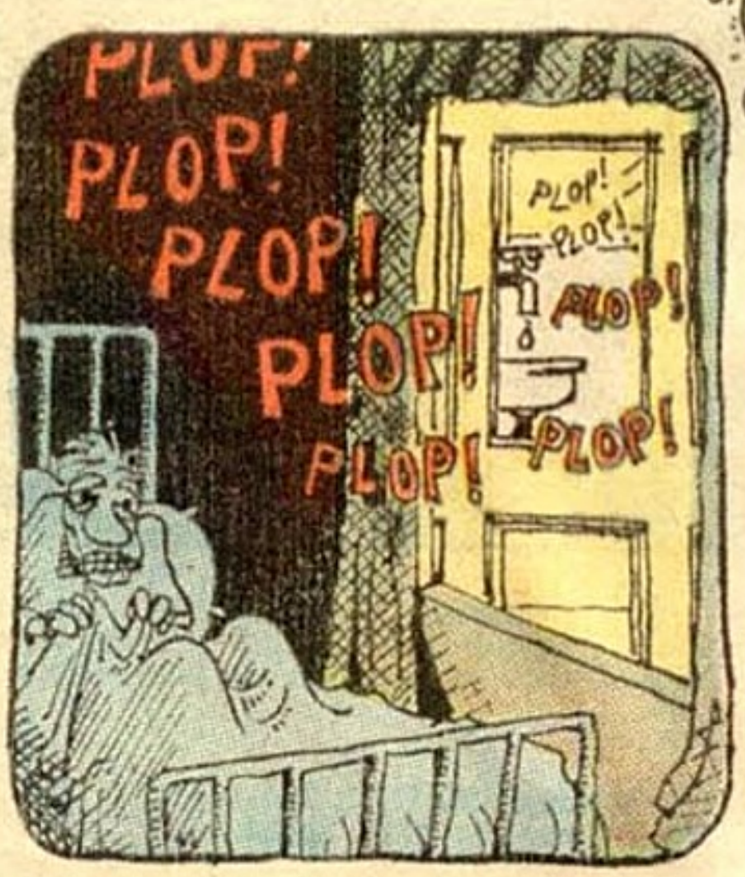
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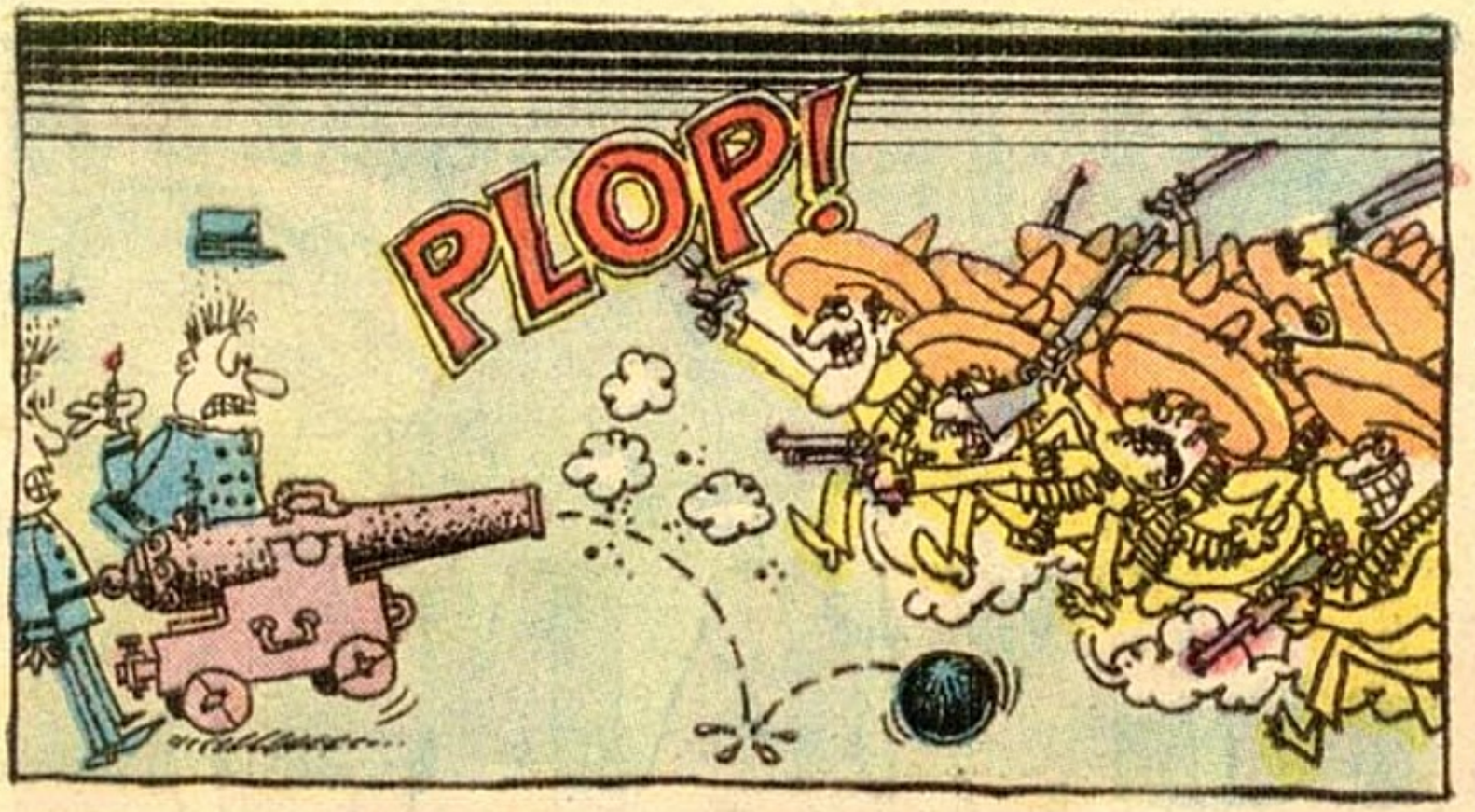
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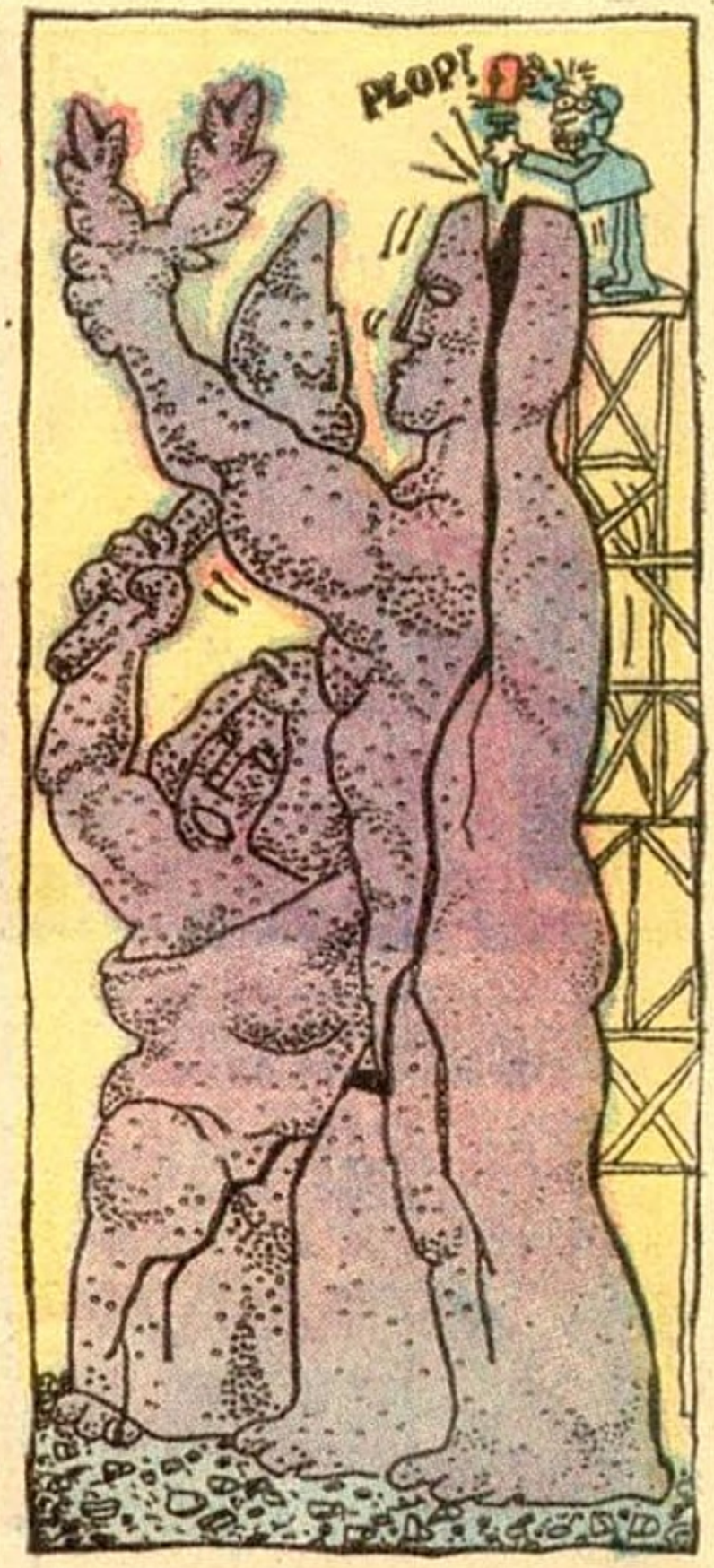
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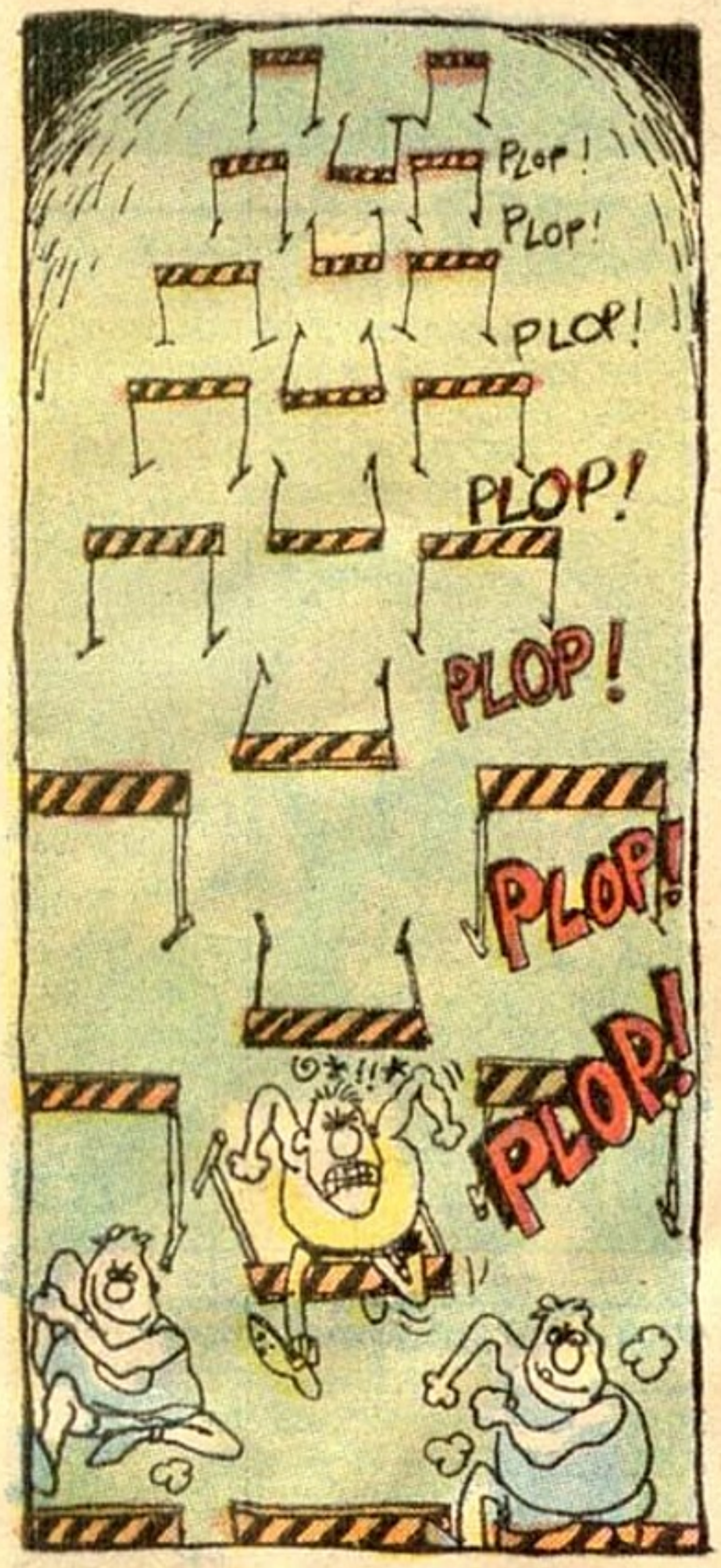
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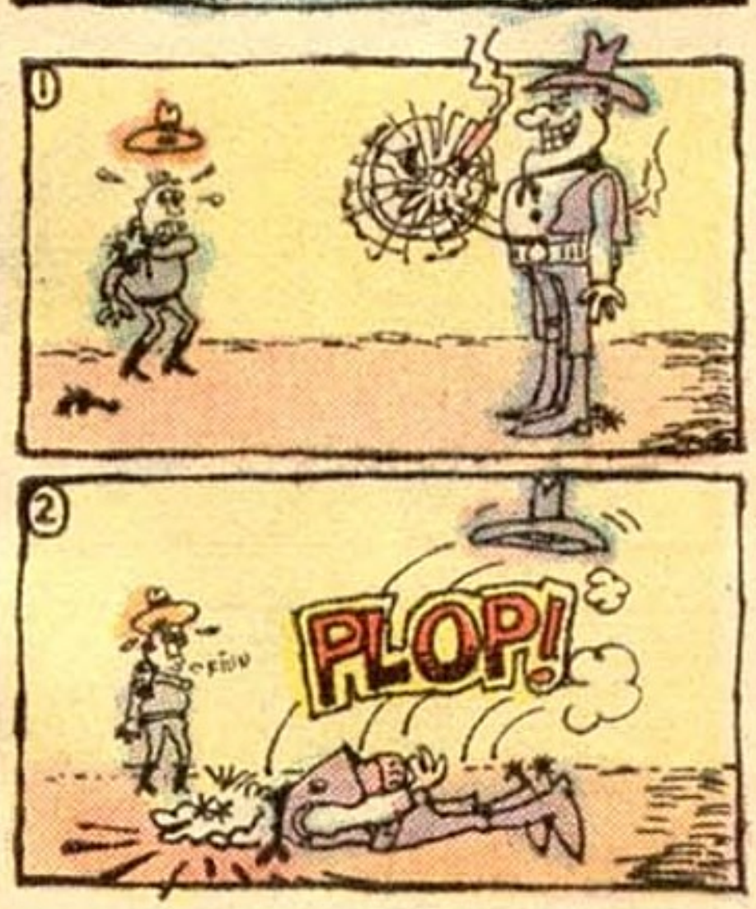
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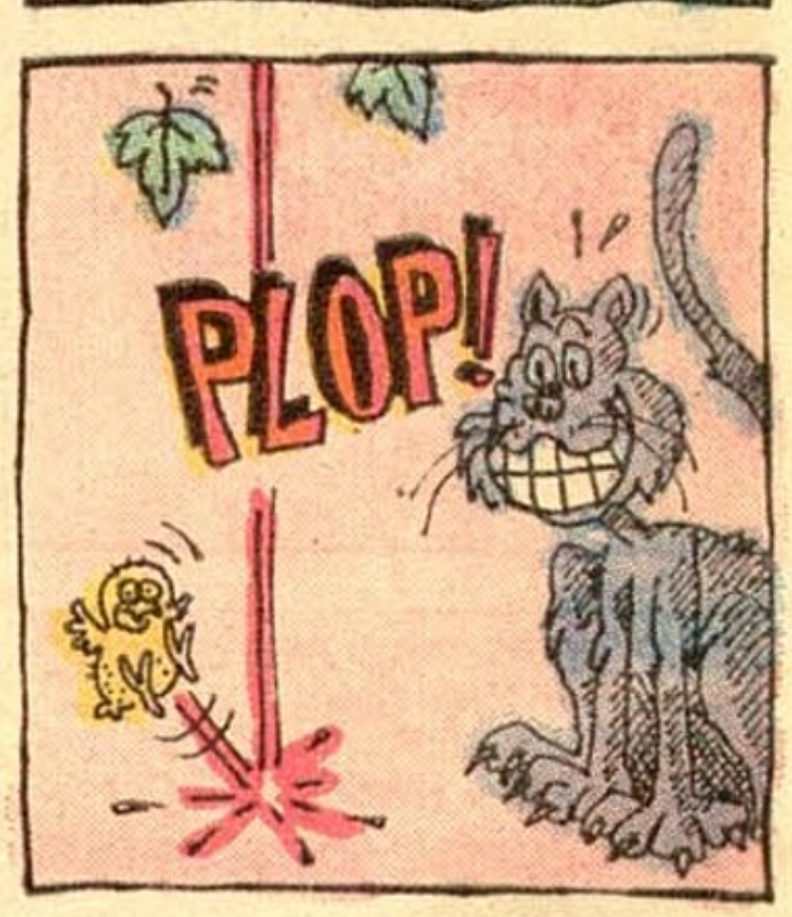
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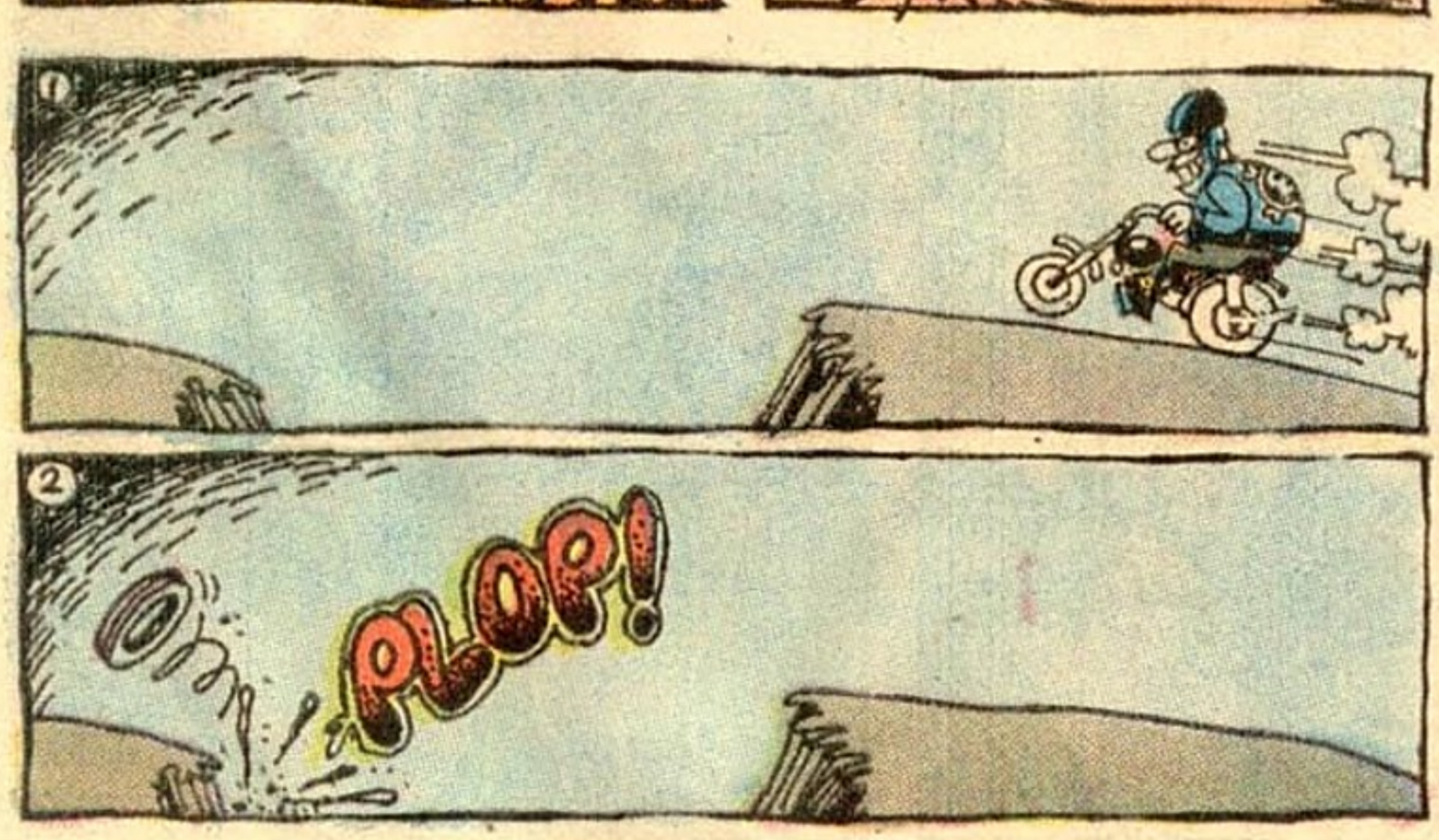
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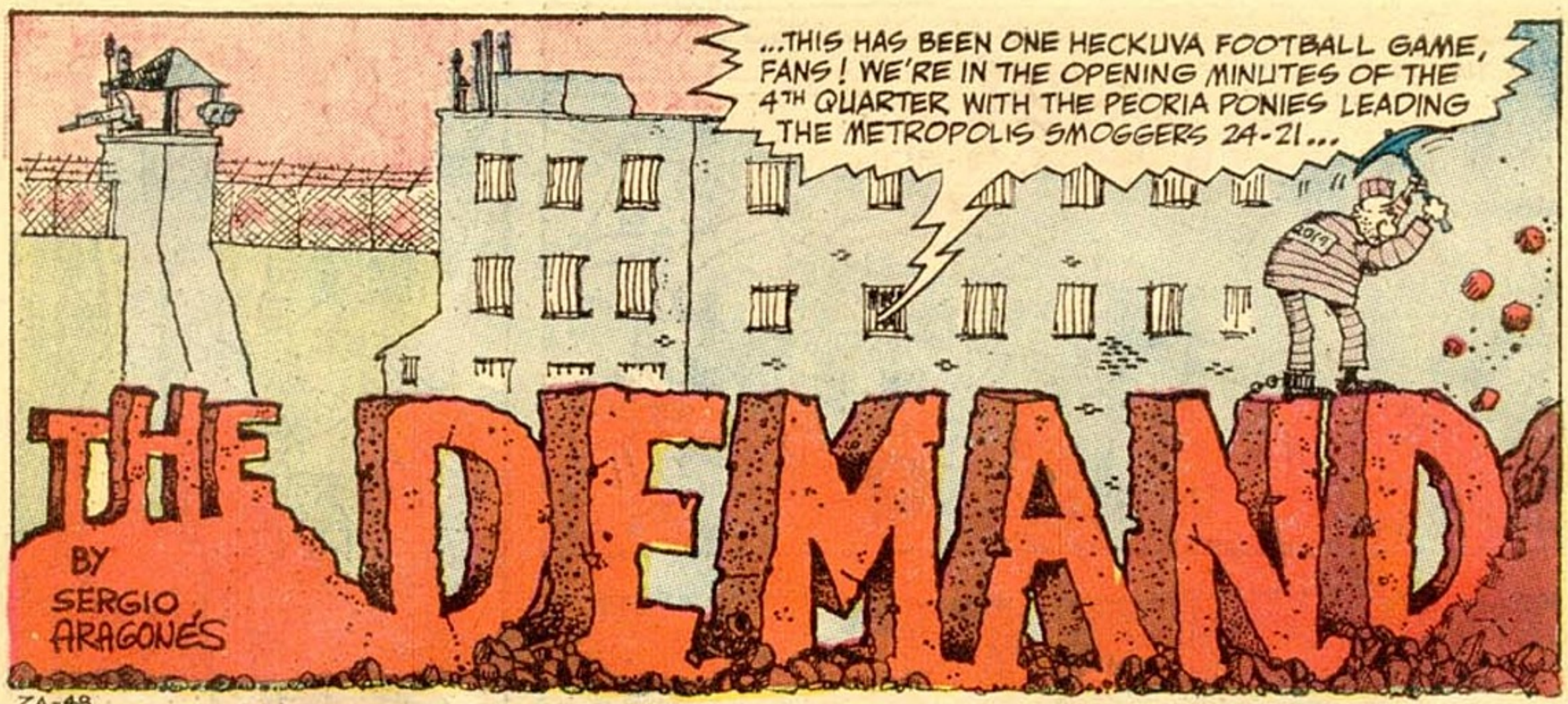
PLOP!

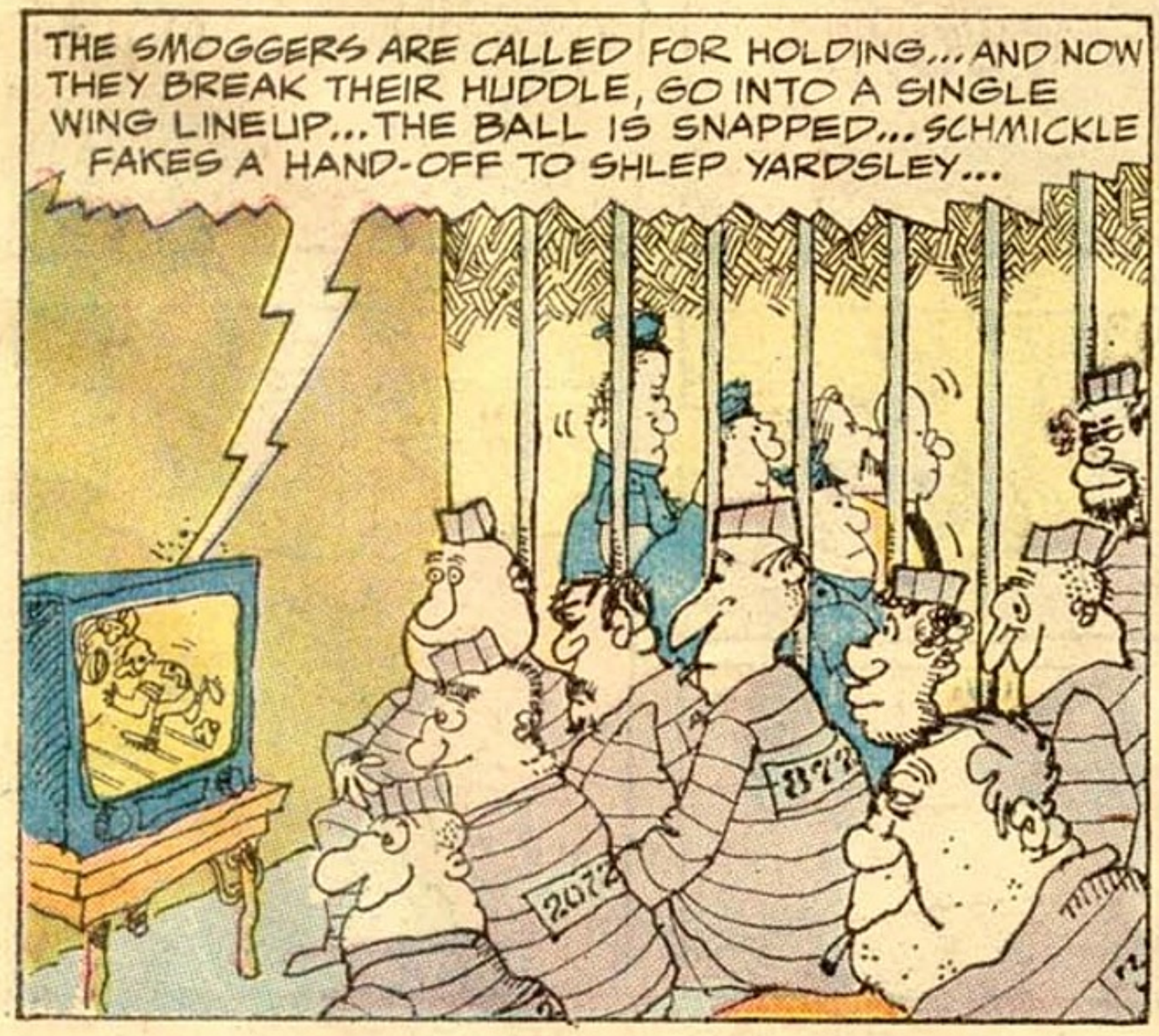
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA WHAT PLOP IS ALL ABOUT, LETS GO ON TO A PLOP STORY. ONE I CALL "THE DEMAND!"
ZA-120


...THIS HAS BEEN ONE HECKUVA FOOTBALL GAME, FANS! WE'RE IN THE OPENING MINUTES OF THE 4TH QUARTER WITH THE PEORIA PONIES LEADING THE METROPOLIS SMOGGERS 24-21...
THE DEMAND
BY SERGIO ARAGONÉS
ZA-48

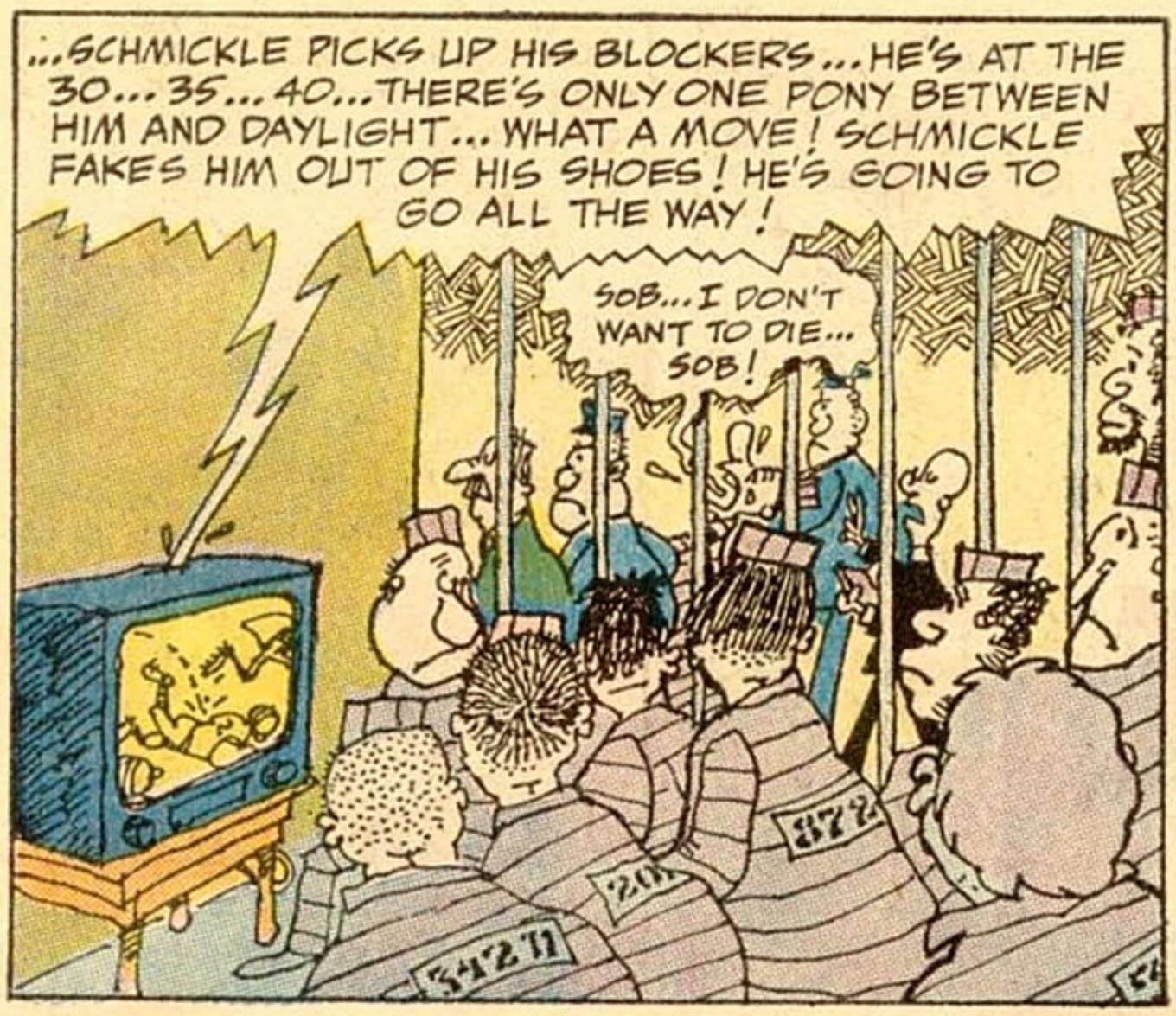
...IT'S THE SMOGGERS' BALL, FIRST AND TEN ON THEIR OWN 28... Y.A. SCHMICKLE GETS THE PASS FROM CENTER...DROPS BACK INTO THE POCKET...HE'S GOT TOM WAITGOOD OPEN DEEP...

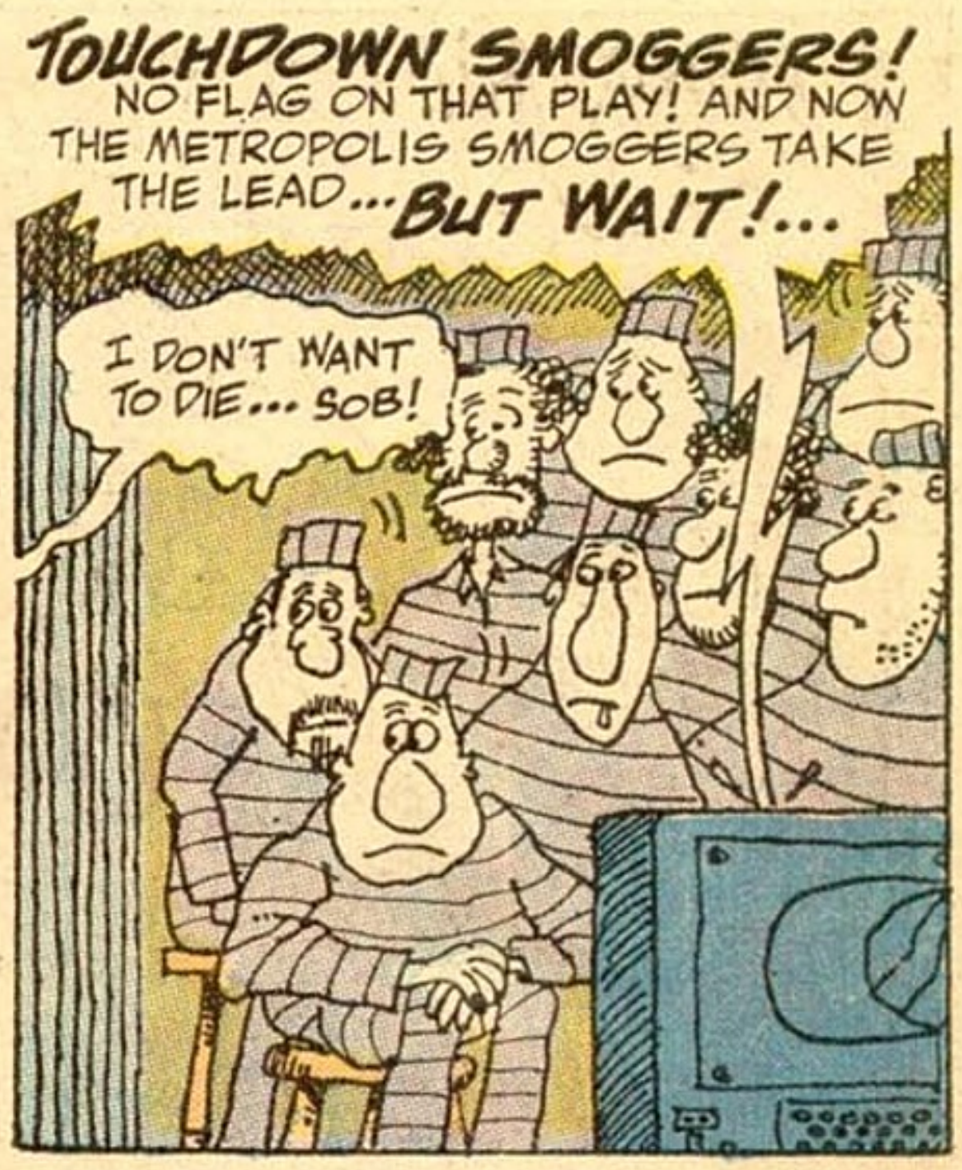
...HE HITS WAITGOOD ON THE PONY 35...WAITGOOD ELUDES TWO DEFENDERS AND STREAKS INTO THE END ZONE FOR THE SCORE! SMOGGERS 27, PONIES 24!...

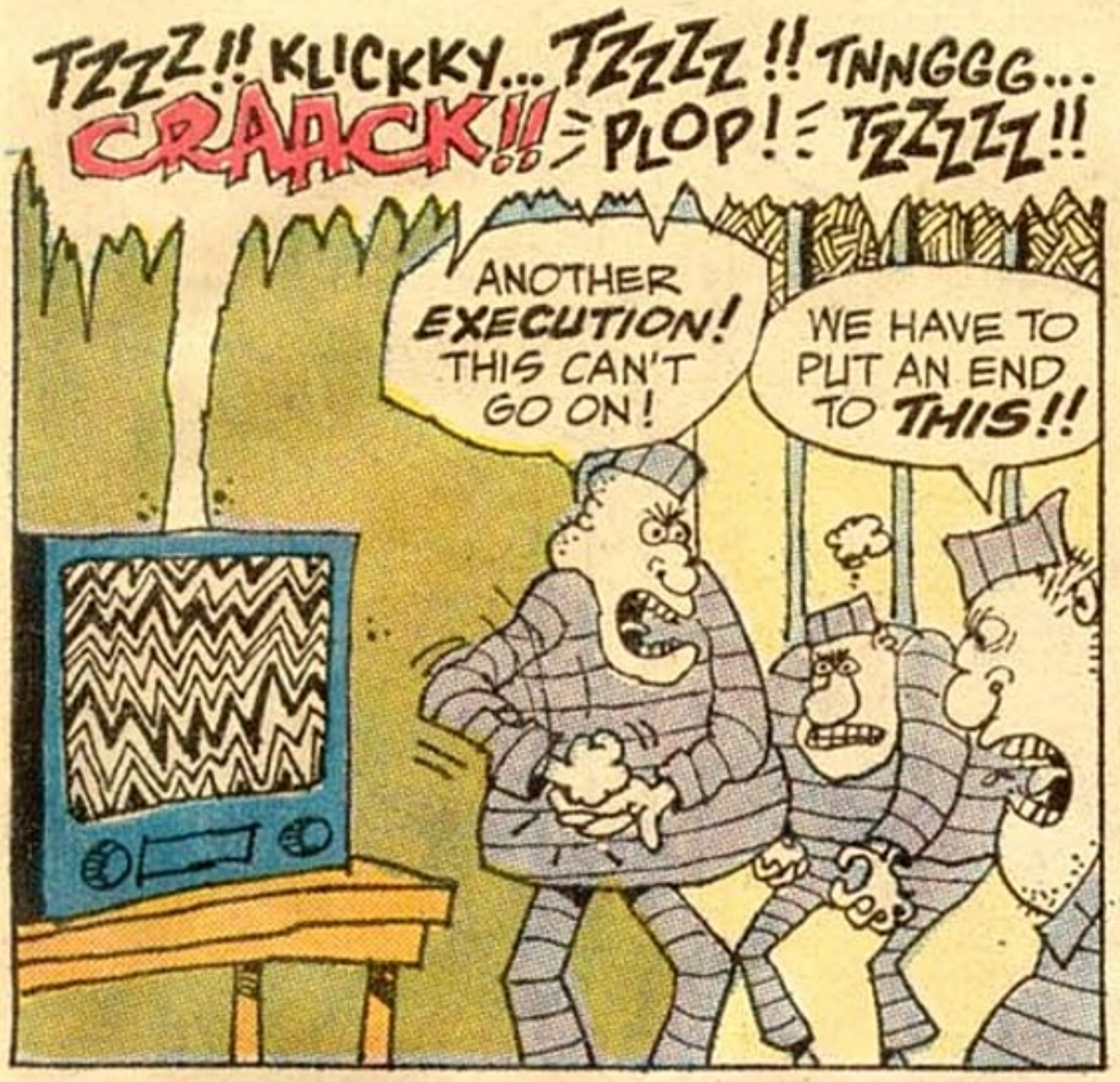
WAIT!
THERE WAS A FLAG ON THE PLAY! THE TOUCHDOWN IS NULLIFIED. THE REFEREE IS BRINGING THE BALL BACK TO THE SMOGGER 28...AND NOW HE'S HACKING OFF 15 BIG ONES...


THE SMOGGERS ARE CALLED FOR HOLDING...AND NOW THEY BREAK THEIR HUDDLE, GO INTO A SINGLE WING LINEUP...THE BALL IS SNAPPED...SCHMICKLE FAKES A HAND-OFF TO SHLEP YARDSLEY...

...NOW HE SETS UP IN THE POCKET AGAIN...HIS RECEIVERS ARE COVERED...HE'S STARTING TO SCRAMBLE...HE'S GOT SOME RUNNING ROOM...HE'S AT THE 25...
OH...NO...

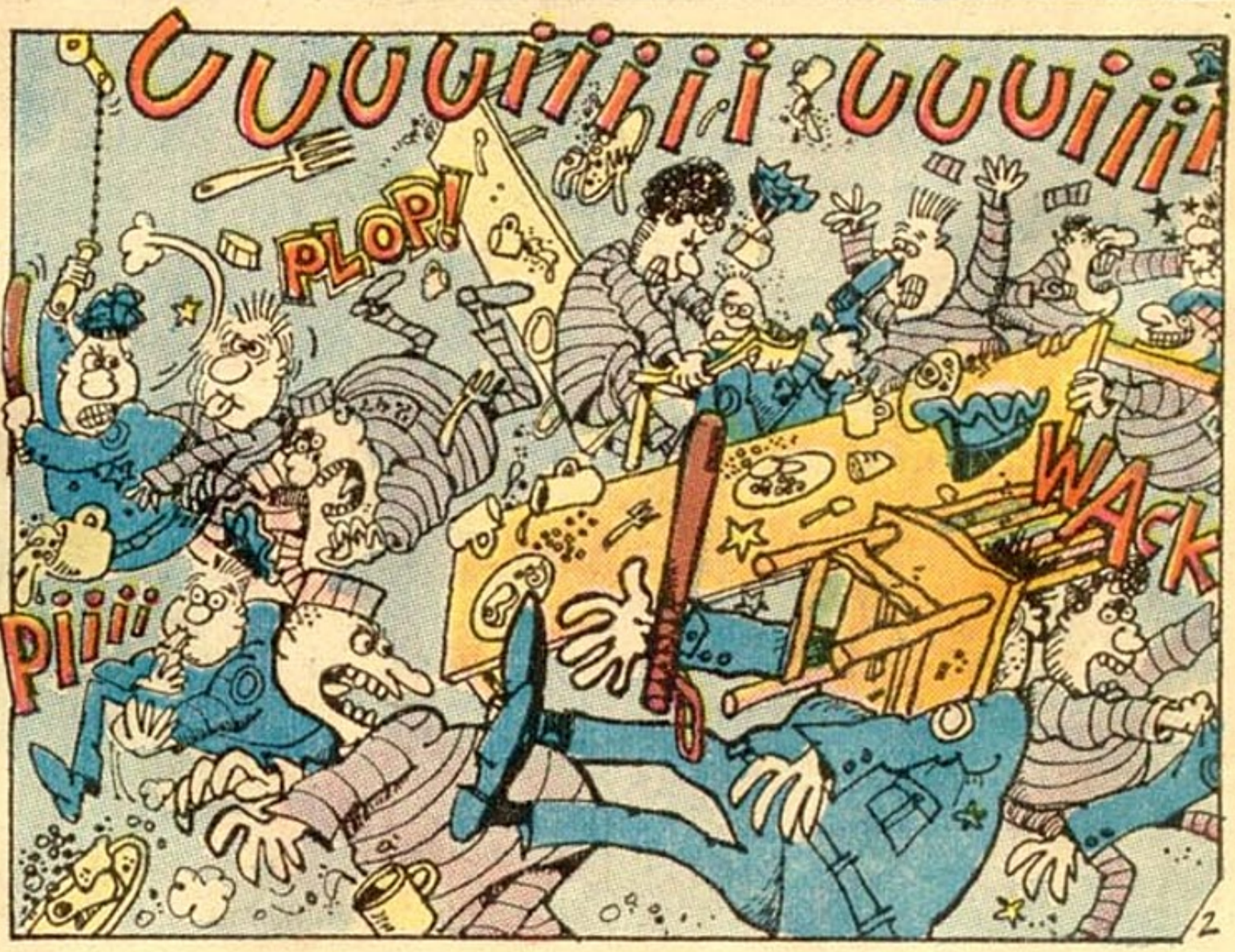

...SCHMICKLE PICKS UP HIS BLOCKERS... HE'S AT THE 30... 35... 40... THERE'S ONLY ONE PONY BETWEEN HIM AND DAYLIGHT... WHAT A MOVE! SCHMICKLE FAKES HIM OUT OF HIS SHOES! HE'S GOING TO GO ALL THE WAY!
SOB... I DON'T WANT TO DIE... SOB!

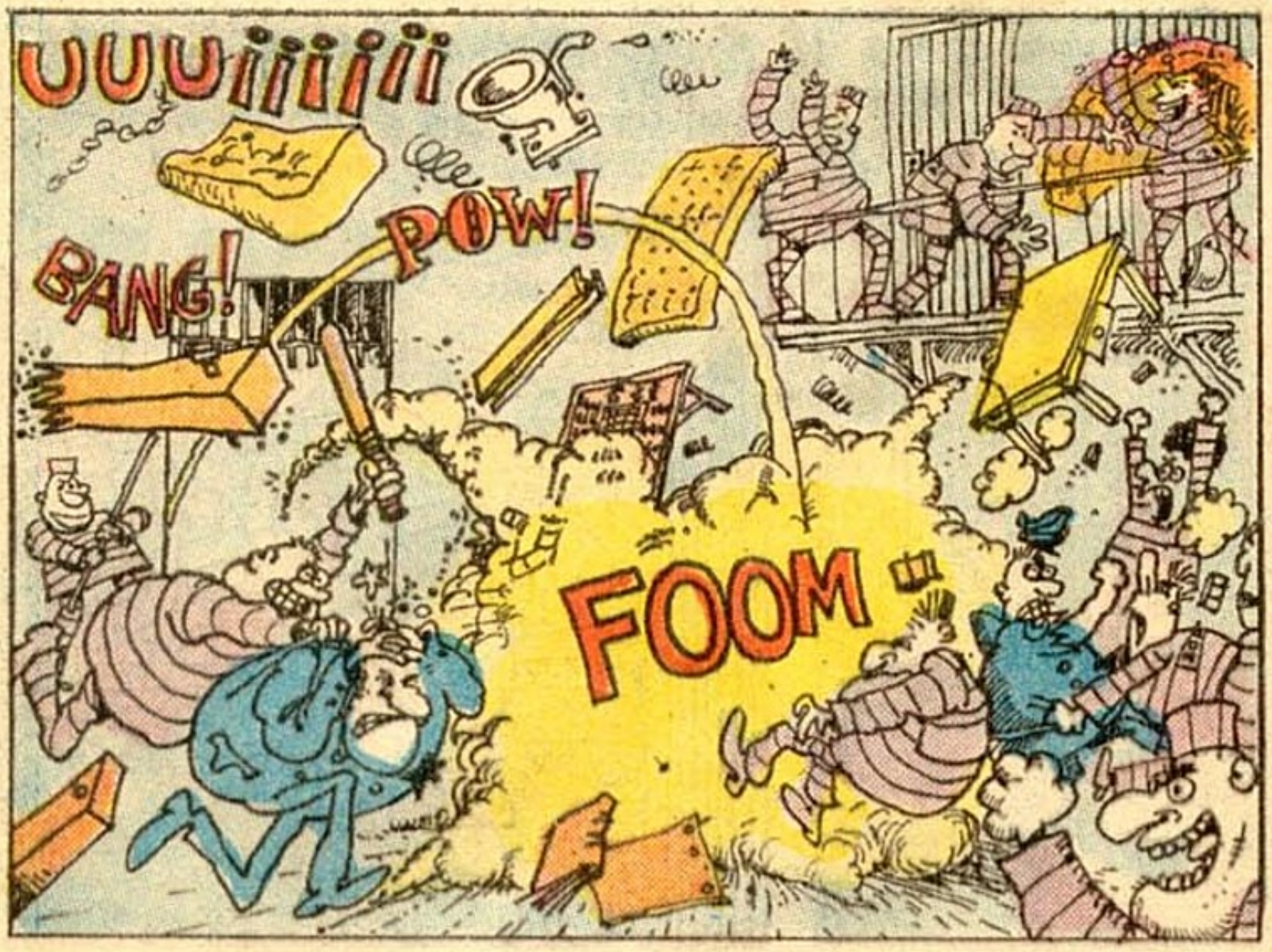

TOUCHDOWN SMOGGERS!
NO FLAG ON THAT PLAY! AND NOW THE METROPOLIS SMOGGERS TAKE THE LEAD... BUT WAIT!...
I DON'T WANT TO DIE... SOB!


TZZZ!! KLICKKY... TZZZZ!! TNNGGG... CRAACK!! PLOP! TZZZZZ!!
ANOTHER EXECUTION! THIS CAN'T GO ON!
WE HAVE TO PUT AN END TO THIS!!

LET'S COMPLAIN TO THE GOVERNOR...!
YEAH! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
RIGHT ON!
WE WANT LESS WORDS AND MORE ACTION...!

AND SO, THAT VERY SAME EVENING, THERE WAS ACTION...
THIS IS IT, MEN!


UUUUIIIIII UUUUIIII
PLOP!
PIIII
WACK


UUUiiiiii
POW!
BANG!
FOOM

AND A FEW HOURS LATER...
EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, SIR... THEY HAVE SMITH, O'CONNER, LOPEZ, KOWALSKI, AND GOLDSTEIN AS HOSTAGES!

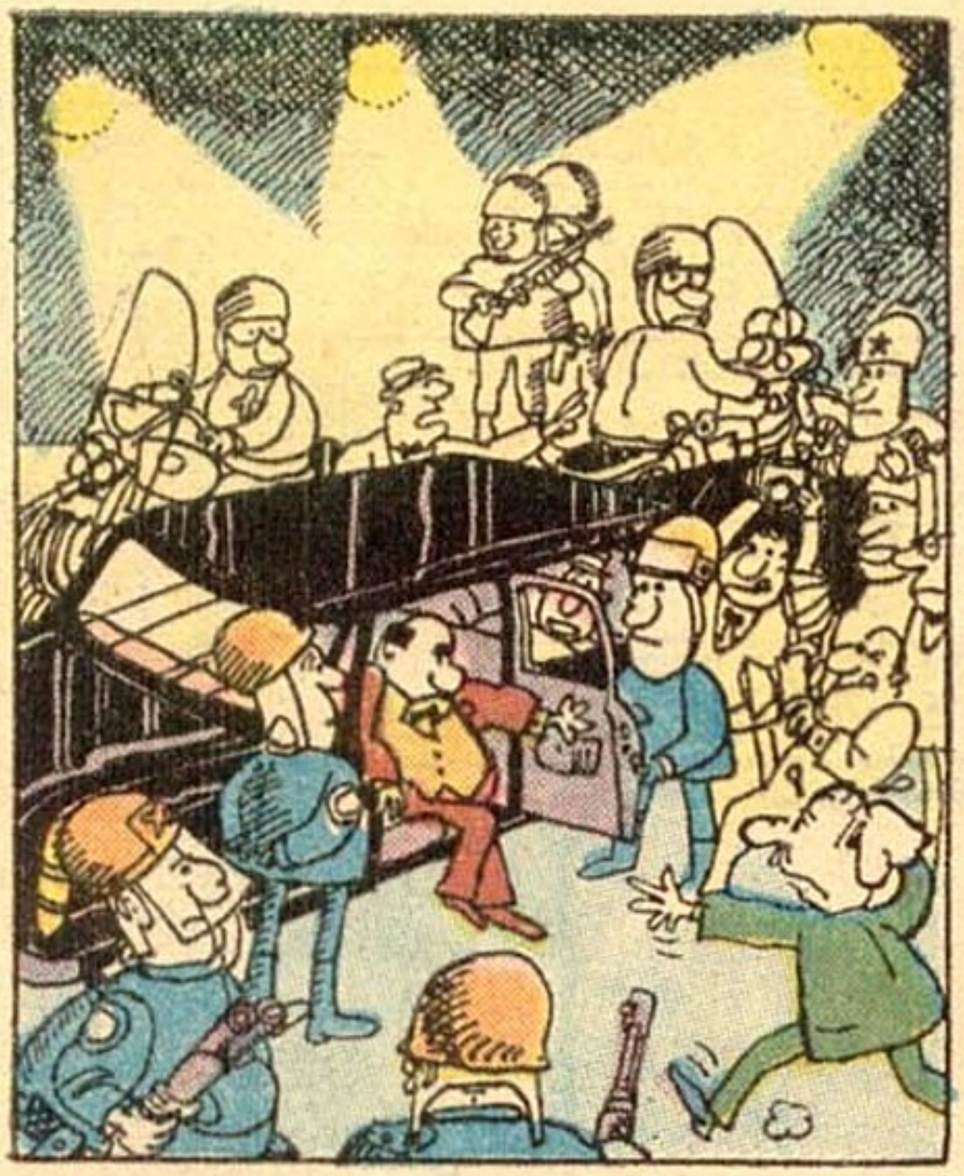
O.K.,...IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE... LET THE GUARDS GO... IMMEDIATELY!

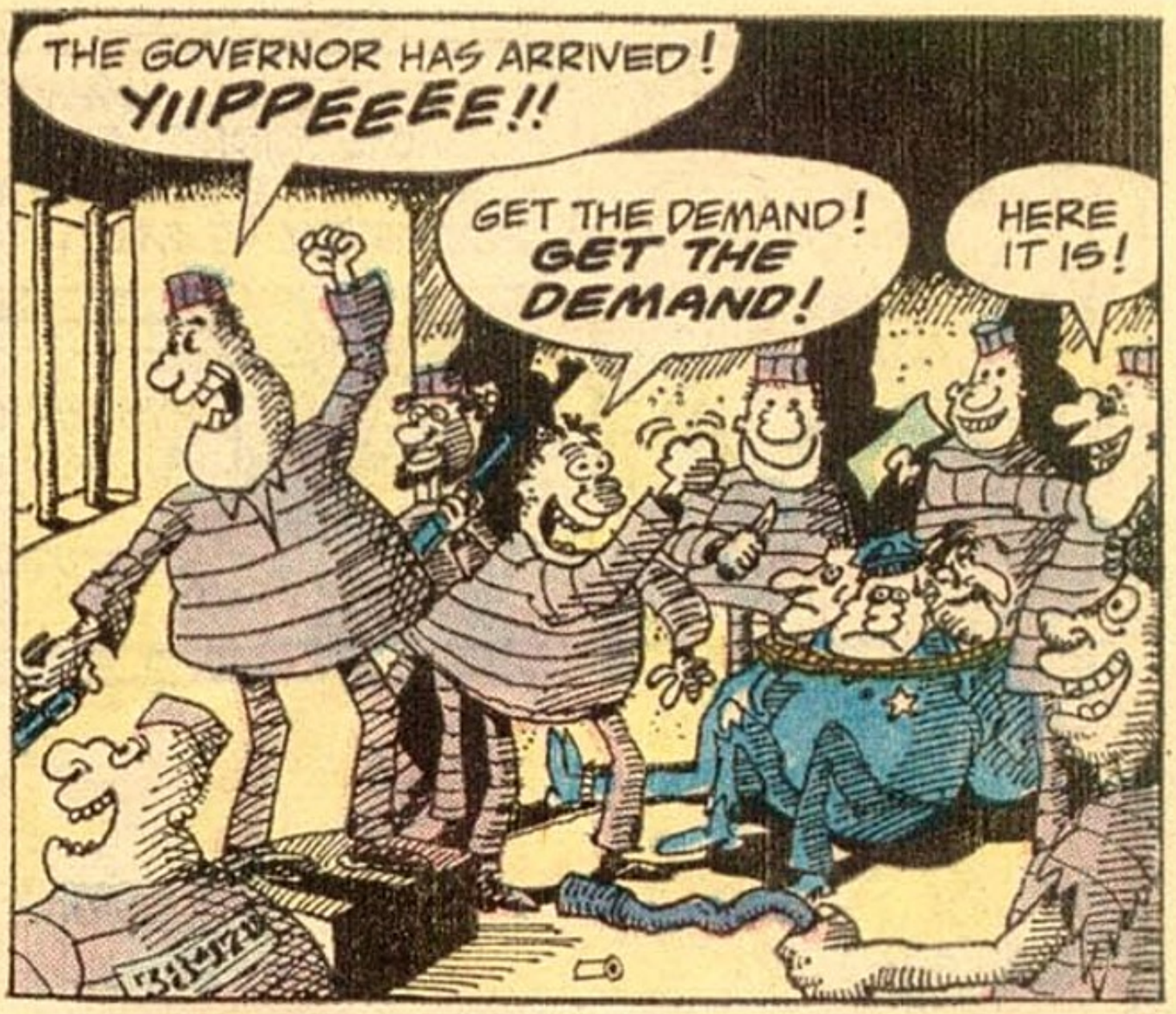
LOOK, WARDEN... WE'VE HAD IT TRYING TO TALK THINGS OVER WITH YOU!... WE'LL ONLY TALK TO THE GOVERNOR!

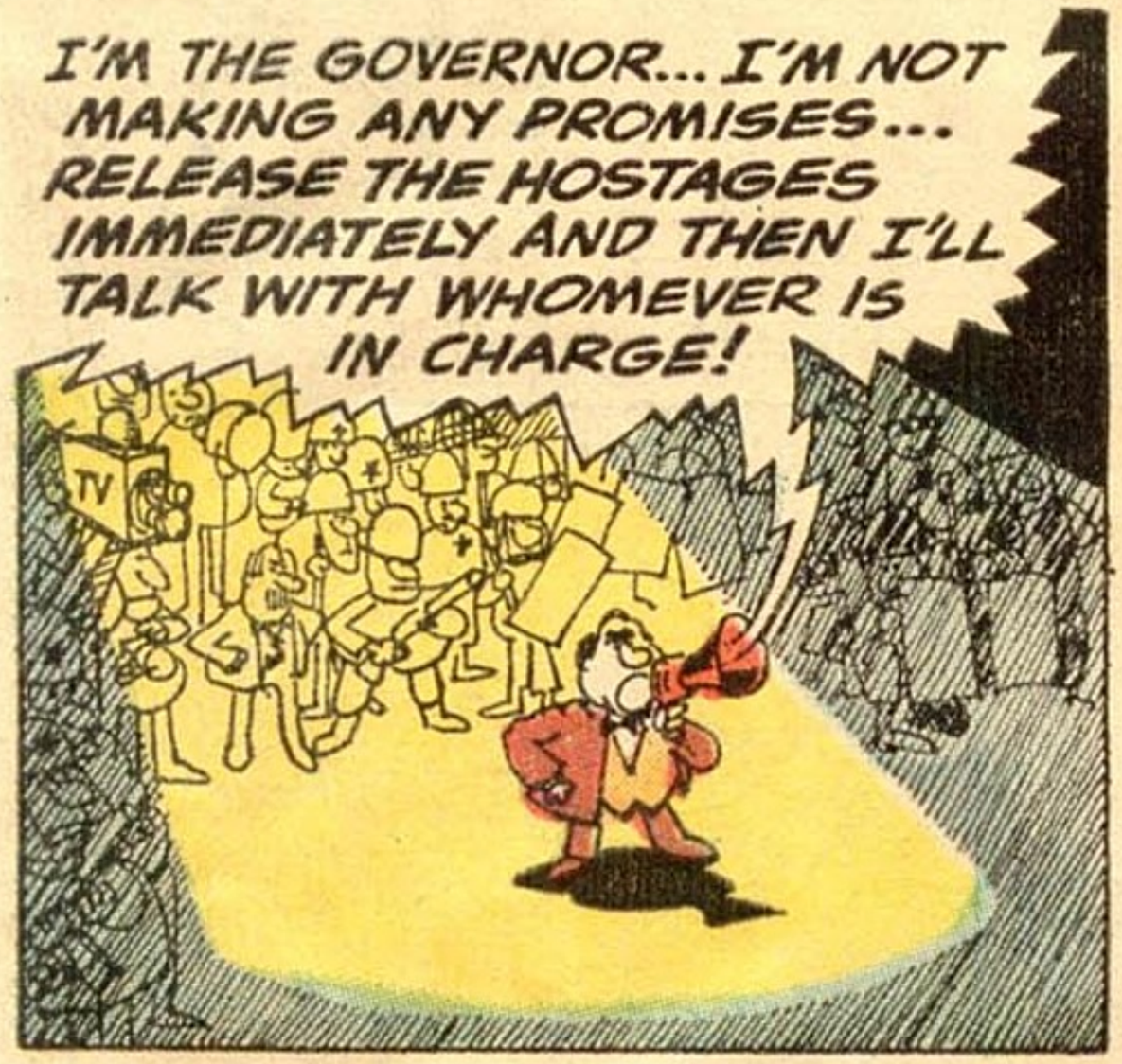
YOU HAVE ONLY THREE HOURS!... IF THE GOVERNOR ISN'T HERE BY THEN, WE LET THE GUARDS HAVE IT!!

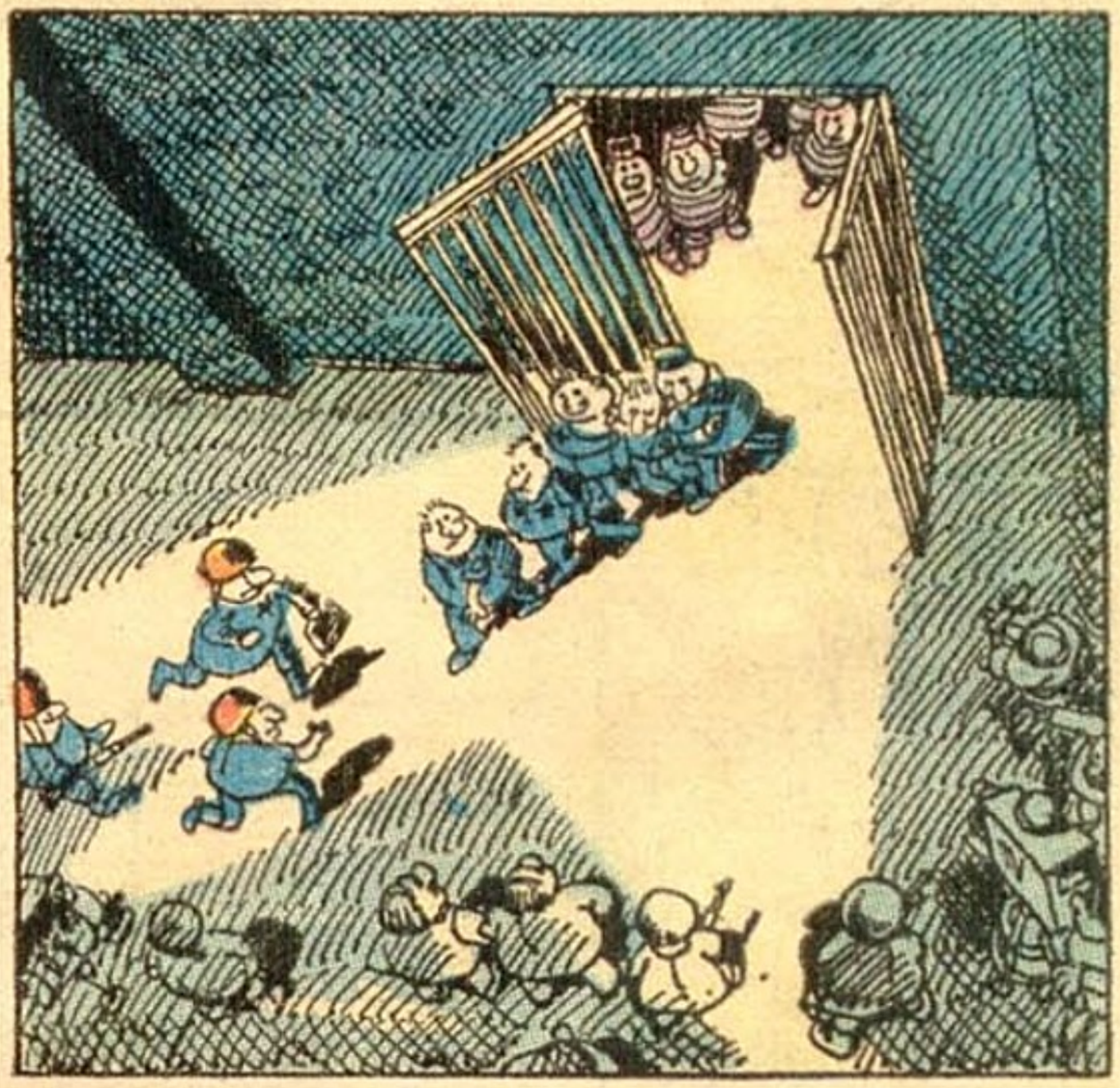
THE GOVERNOR CAN'T BE DISTURBED!
BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
SIR... I ASSURE YOU, THE GOV--
CALL THE GOVERNOR OR--

WHAT IS IT?... YES... YES... I SEE... VERY WELL... I'LL BE THERE!!

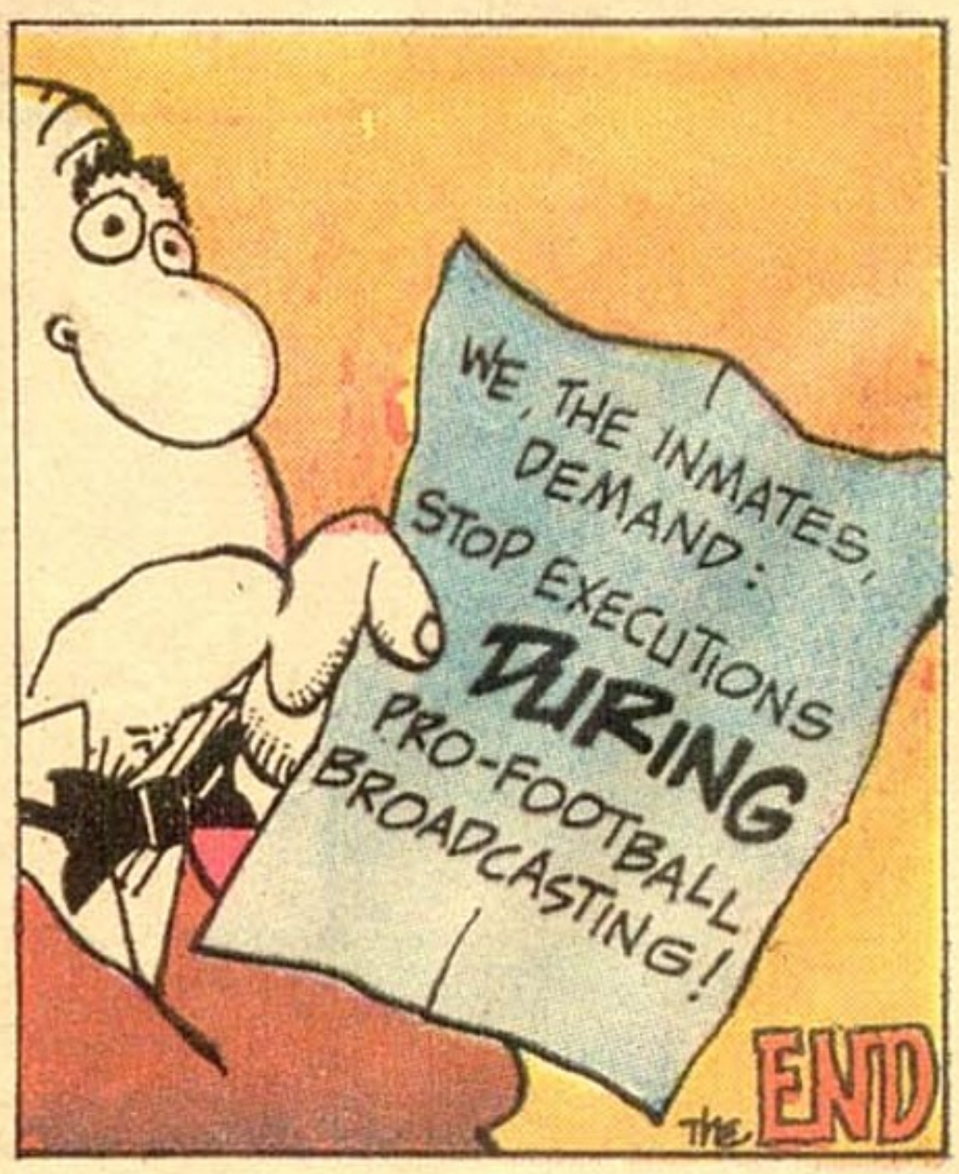


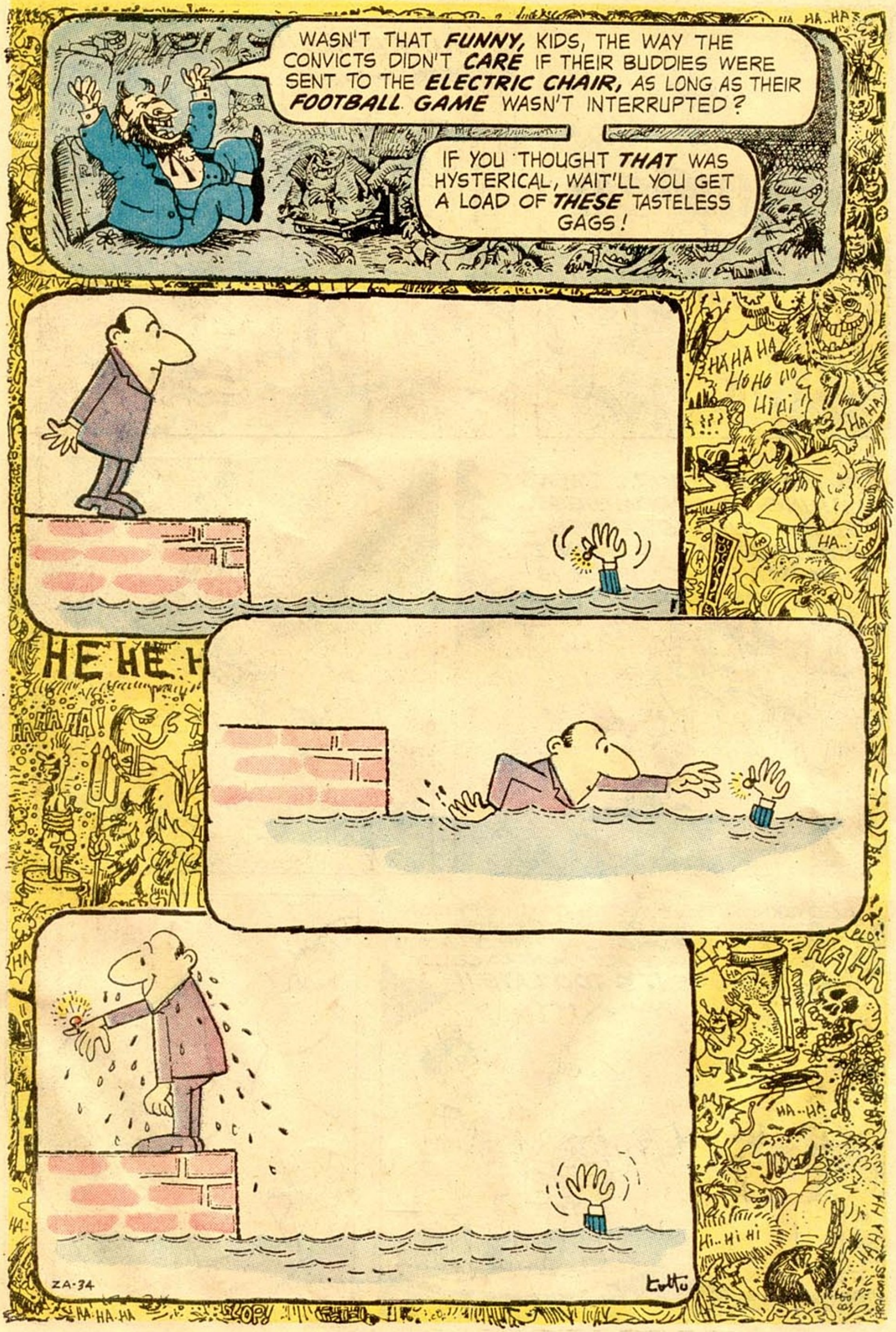

THE GOVERNOR HAS ARRIVED! YIIPPEEEE!!
GET THE DEMAND! GET THE DEMAND!
HERE IT IS!

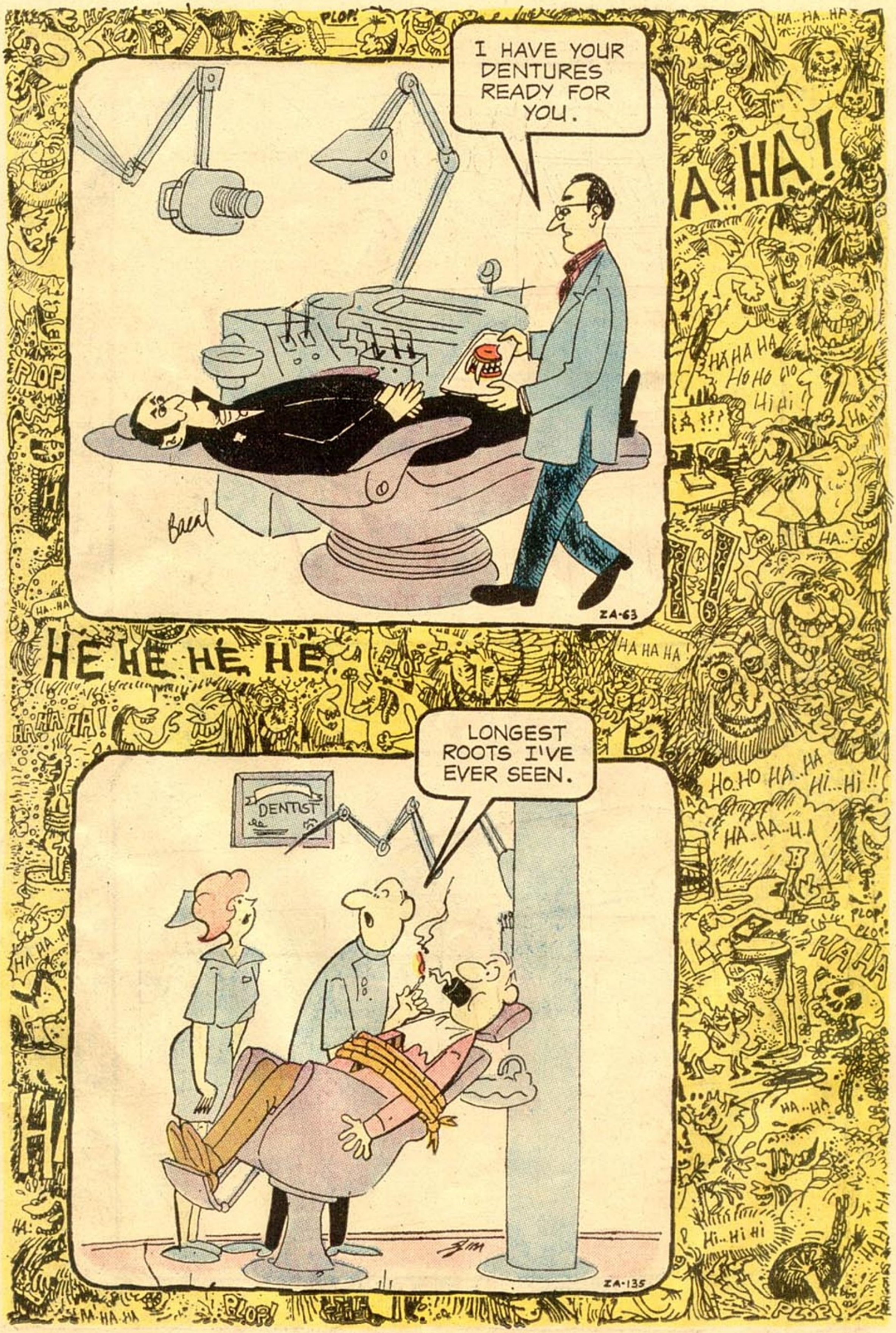

I'M THE GOVERNOR... I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES... RELEASE THE HOSTAGES IMMEDIATELY AND THEN I'LL TALK WITH WHOMEVER IS IN CHARGE!
TV



GOVERNOR, THE INMATES OF THIS PRISON CONSIDER THIS DEMAND OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE... AND WE BEG YOU TO PLEASE TAKE ACTION AT ONCE... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!

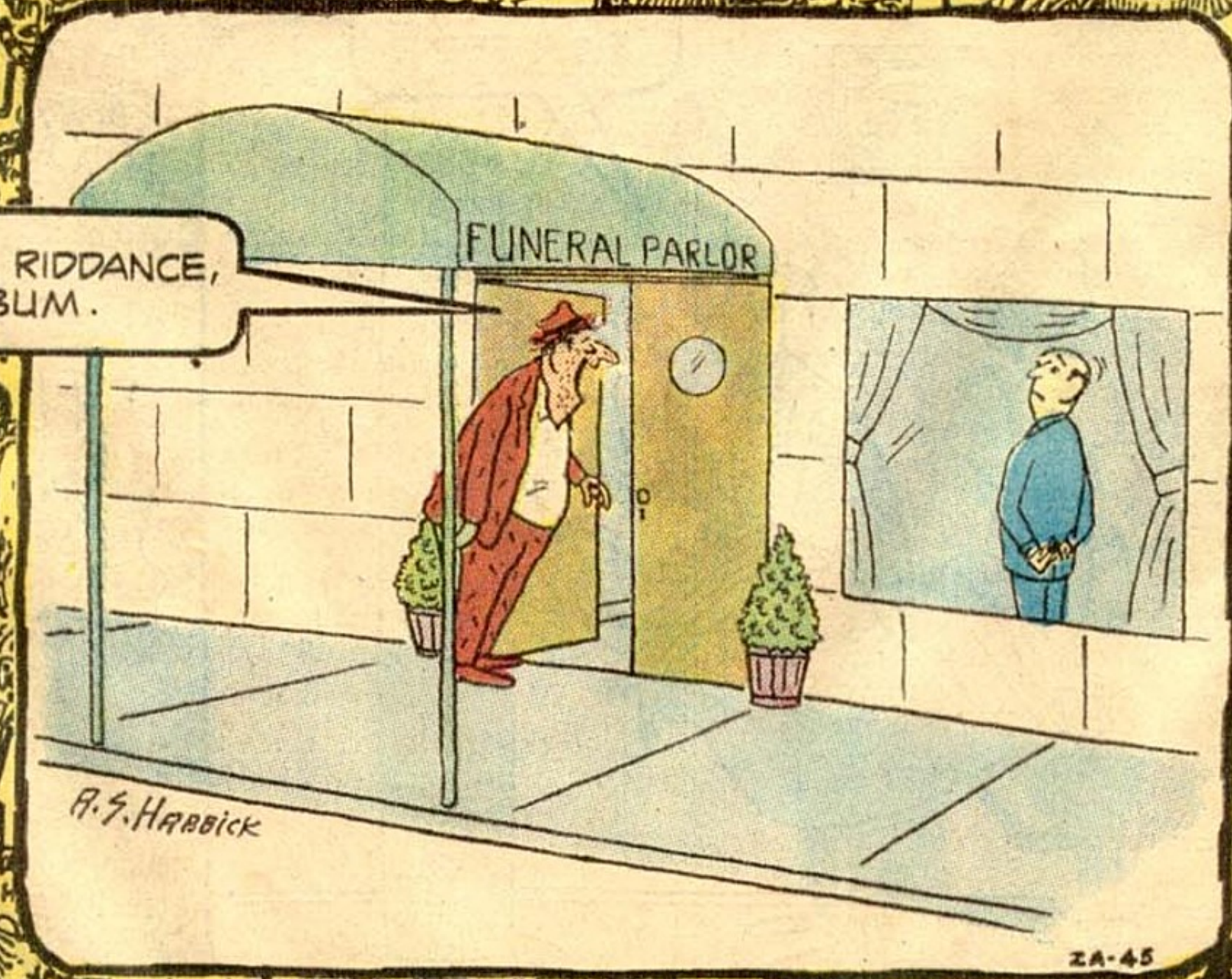

WE, THE INMATES, DEMAND: STOP EXECUTIONS DURING PRO-FOOTBALL BROADCASTING!
THE END

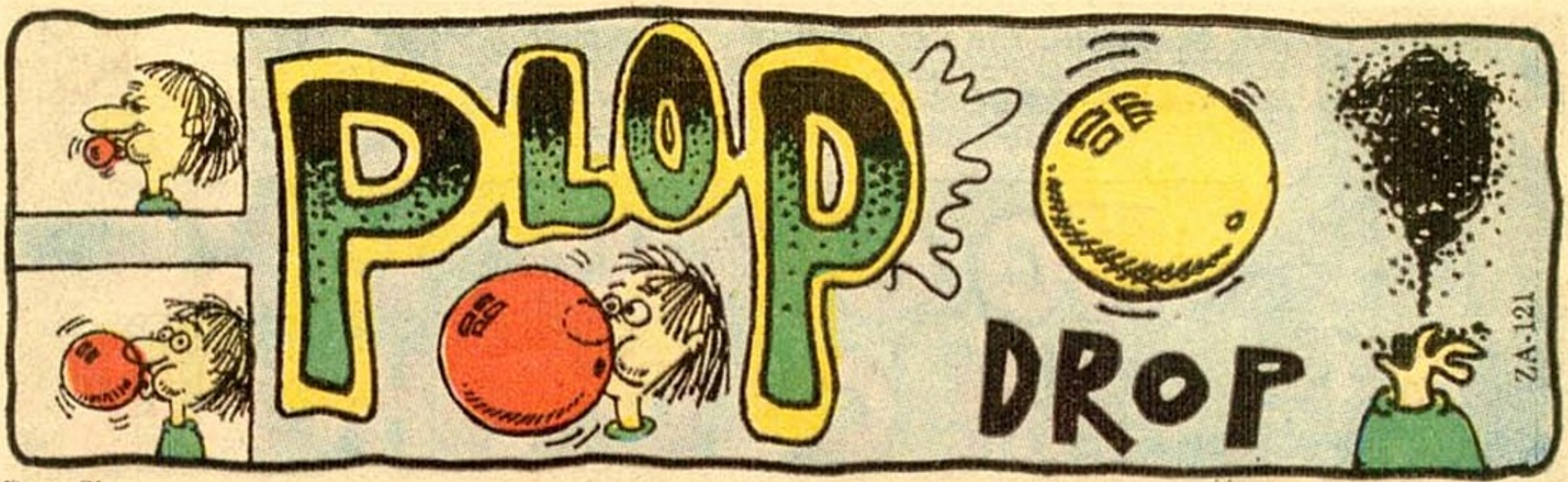

WASN'T THAT FUNNY, KIDS, THE WAY THE CONVICTS DIDN'T CARE IF THEIR BUDDIES WERE SENT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, AS LONG AS THEIR FOOTBALL GAME WASN'T INTERRUPTED?
IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS HYSTERICAL, WAIT'LL YOU GET A LOAD OF THESE TASTELESS GAGS!
HA HA HA HO HO HO HI HI!
HA..HA
HA..!
HE HE H
HA HA HA!
HA..HA
HI..HI HI
HA HA HA
ZA-34
HA-HA-HA


PLOP!
I HAVE YOUR DENTURES READY FOR YOU.
ZA-63
A..HA!
HA HA HA HO HO HO HI HI !
HE HE HE HE
HA HA HA !
LONGEST ROOTS I'VE EVER SEEN.
DENTIST
ZA-135
HO..HO HA..HA HI...HI !!
HA..HA..H.A
PLOP! PLOP!
HA..HA
HI..HI HI
HA HA HA
PLOP!

REST
ZA-127

HE HE HE HE


GOOD RIDDANCE, YA BUM.
FUNERAL PARLOR
R. S. HARBICK
ZA-45



Dear Sirs:

I know not what "PLOP" is, whence it comes, where it goes, how it gets there, or when it is coming. All I know about it is that it is coming, and when it does, I will be there! For no one escapes from the watchful eye of The Midnight Phantom!

The Midnight Phantom

Dear Phantom:

You may not know what PLOP is, but we know what you are! Your very own PLOP will arrive later today, when The Swamp Thing decides to take root in your backyard!

* * * * *

Dear Mssrs. Orlando and Co.:

Thanks for the advance look at PLOP! As one of National's staunchest supporters, I'm greatly excited by ANY new step you take, especially when it is taken by as illustrious a crew as was assembled in this issue.

Weird humor is something that has not been exploited to the extent it deserves. Outside of a few horror satires in the old E.C. days in "Mad" and "Panic," comics have pretty much shied away from the more humorous aspects of terror tales, while shows like "The Addams Family" continue to reap residuals and artists like Gahan Wilson have cartoons of weird humor printed in PLAYBOY. Yes, it is definitely an unmined vein (in the neck).

Had it not been produced by people as talented as yourselves, I doubt that PLOP would have carried off the stories with the class or the impact it had. The stories were all fine gothic concepts with a sudden, unexpected twist or humor bent making us laugh at what we used to consider very frightening. In extreme cases people hysterical in fright laugh uncontrollably; and the reactions are much closer than most of us realize.

I'm glad to see someone using single gag cartoons in comics, since they are such an integral part of American humor. I think you used too many of them in this issue, but I do want to see them in Plop!

I like the fact that PLOP has no ads. You can't quite use that to the extent that MAD does, since they make a practice of satirizing the advertising industry, but at least it gives us 36 wonderful pages.

All I can really say right now is that you're off to a great start, and best of luck from "Your Favorite Guy."

Guy H. Lillian III, Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Guy:

In return for your absurd letter (which was obviously written in the darkest dungeon of the House of Mystery) we will continue sending you your issues of PLOP, providing the mailman can find a flyspeck called "Greensboro" on the map.

* * * * *

Dear Sirs (or unreasoning facsimiles thereof):

Last Tuesday I went on my innocent weekly trip to the newsstand to pick up the new comics. This is my incurable habit, as it is with many other comic fans. I was expecting *Superboy, Batman,* and other such magazines. But there, in between *Love Stories* and *House of Mystery* . . . PLOP!

I don't scare very easily, Mr. Orlando, but this time you did it! You have done what no other comic company has ever done . . . and lived to tell about it! You have given us the best humor magazine since that renowned failure, *Brother Power, The Geek!* You have gathered together a bunch of the funniest (albeit demented) people you could sink your claws into and put out PLOP!

"The Escape" was absolutely priceless, the best thing I've seen in many a full moon. But then, what else could you expect from Sergio Aragones? The rest of the material was also out of this world (somewhere around Brooklyn, maybe?) and there weren't even any ads!

If you keep up this kind of work, you're sure to be committed in no time at all!

PLOP IS NO FLOP!

Paul Kupperberg, Brooklyn, New York

Dear Paul:

Committed, huh? Maybe that's why our nice new offices are painted white with padded walls?

For having mentioned The G -- k *in our presence, you are hereby sentenced to life imprisonment in a small cell.*

* * * * *

Once upon mystery comics dreary,
In between Creeps and Eerie,
Came a quaint and curious brand
of comics fare.

Unlike any other comic,
It was known for terror graphic,
In the vein of humor in a scare.

Plop! Oh Plop! it came to me,
In shades of blue and pink and green,
And you could only read it on a dare.

But once 'twas read you could not help,
But shriek, guffaw, and laugh and yelp,
At stories writ and pages drawn
in such exquisite care.

And the comic still is sitting,
Unforgotten, unforgetting,
Perched upon my stack of comics rare.

Quote the Gaff: "It was GREAT!"

Carl Gafford, Brooklyn, New York

* * * * *

We're waiting for the next crop of mail here at the Plop Drop, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York, 10019. What are you waiting for?!!!

AH, MEMORIES! THE GENTLE RASP OF A SHOVEL AGAINST AN OLD COFFIN, THE OLD PERFUME OF EMBALMING FLUID, SWEET LITTLE OLD GRAVE-ROBBERS LIKE POP GRIMES--THEY JUST DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE OLD POP NOWADAYS. AND THAT'S A PITY, BECAUSE THERE'S...
NO GHOUL LIKE AN OLD GHOUL
MR. GRIMES, CAN'T WE SKIP THIS ONE? I DON'T MIND DIGGIN' UP THEM THAT'S BEEN FRESH BURIED, BUT THIS ONE'S BEEN IN THE GROUND QUITE A WHILE. AND I USED TO LIKE JENNY.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY BOY? SQUEAMISH? SENTIMENTAL? COME, COME. LOOK AT ME! MY TOOTH'S KILLING ME. WE ALL HAVE PROBLEMS. BUT A SMART BUSINESSMAN NEVER MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY.
R·I·P
• JENNIFER SUMMERS •
BELOVED WIFE OF Dr. JOHN SUMMERS
1870-1906
J-3057
TAKE THIS JOB FOR INSTANCE. NOBODY'S DIED IN TOWN FOR WEEKS. SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? PASS IT BY, BECAUSE WE BOTH KNEW JENNY? 'COURSE NOT! PEOPLE IN OUR LINE OF WORK CAN'T AFFORD SENTIMENT!
BUT-MR. GRIMES, DON'T IT BOTHER YOU NONE? I MEAN-YOU HAVIN' DOC SUMMERS FIXIN' YOUR TEETH AND THEN DIGGIN' UP HIS WIFE?
BOTHER ME? WHY, IT WAS DOC HIMSELF WHO TOLD ME ABOUT JENNY WANTING TO BE BURIED WITH HER ENGAGEMENT RING! THAT'S OPPORTUNITY, MY BOY!
RIP
STORY: JACK OLECK • ART: ALFRED P. ALCALA

AND WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS, I ALWAYS ANSWER. THAT'S WHY I'M THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS. I'M AFRAID YOU STILL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, CHESTER.

YEAH-YEAH, I GUESS I DO. GOSH, MR. GRIMES, YOU SURE ARE SMART.

NO WONDER YOU'VE GOT EVERYBODY IN TOWN SO BAMBOOZLED THAT THEY ALL LOVE YOU. I HOPE I GET TO BE AS GOOD AT THIS AS YOU ARE, SOMEDAY.

YOU WILL BE, MY BOY, YOU WILL BE. JUST REMEMBER: FORGET ABOUT SENTIMENT AND NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY!

THIS RING, FOR INSTANCE--

THERE? ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY? PROFIT, MY BOY! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! AND IF WE HAVE TO STIR UP THE DEAD TO GET IT-SO WHAT? RIGHT?

RIGHT. IT STILL GIVES ME THE WILLIES TO DIG UP THE DEAD ONES AND MESS 'EM UP LIKE WE DO, BUT-YOU BET, MR. GRIMES. RIGHT! I'LL REMEMBER.

THANK YOU, MY DEAR. AND NOW CHESTER WILL TUCK YOU BACK IN YOUR GRAVE AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WE'VE BEEN HERE. SO I'LL SAY GOODNIGHT -AND THANK YOU AGAIN. YOU'VE BEEN MOST GENEROUS.

YOU SEE? THAT WAS OLD GRIMES. REAL SMART! AND ALL HEART! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE ROBBED CLAYVILLE'S DEAD WITH ONE HAND AND STILL HAVE THE TOWN'S KIDS EATING OUT OF THE OTHER?

NOW, NOW, DON'T CROWD. THERE'S ENOUGH CANDY FOR EVERYONE. I WOULDN'T LET ANY OF MY FRIENDS GO WITHOUT AT LEAST ONE. YOU KNOW THAT.

WHAT A WONDERFUL OLD MAN! IMAGINE HIM REMEMBERING THE CHILDREN LIKE THAT, EVEN WITH A TOOTHACHE. YOU KNOW, GEORGE, THIS TOWN IS LUCKY. NOT MANY TOWNS CAN BRAG ABOUT HAVING SOMEONE LIKE *HIM!*

THAT STOREKEEPER'S WIFE— IF SHE'D KNOWN THE REAL TRUTH SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE SNAPPED HER BUSTLE. BUT HOW COULD SHE? WHY, EVEN BUTTER WOULDN'T HAVE MELTED IN OLD GRIMES' MOUTH!

HELLO, POP. HOPE THAT OLD TOOTH ISN'T BOTHERING YOU TOO MUCH.

MORNIN', POP. NICE TO SEE YOU.

BEST OF THE DAY TO YOU, POP.

MELT? HE PROBABLY COULDN'T EVEN HAVE CHEWED IT. NOT WITH HIS TEETH.. IN FACT, HIS TEETH WERE TO BE THE ROOT OF HIS PROBLEM.

THERE, THAT DOES IT. THAT'S THE LAST FILLING, POP. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM NOW ON.

EXCEPT MAYBE WITH MY BILL. HOW ABOUT IT, DOC? ALL THAT WORK YOU DID ON ME - IS IT GOING TO COST VERY MUCH?

COST? NOW, WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT COST? YOU JUST FORGET ABOUT THE BILL - BECAUSE THERE WON'T BE ANY.

WON'T BE ANY? BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE USING THE BEST MATERIAL AND--

NO BUTS. LET'S JUST SAY IT'S MY GIFT TO YOU. THIS TOWN OWES YOU A LOT FOR ALL YOUR KINDNESS. I STILL REMEMBER HOW YOU CRIED WHEN MY WIFE JENNY DIED. IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO. SO— NO MORE TALK, HEAR?

IRONIC, EH? TO THE LOCALS, OLD GRIMES WAS A DOLL. A DOLL THAT THEY'D HAVE STUCK PINS IN IF THEY'D BEEN ABLE TO HEAR HIM LATER...

THE TOWN OWED IT TO ME, HE SAID! ME! IF HE ONLY KNEW! IF HE ONLY-- HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

GOSH, MR. GRIMES, ALL THOSE FILLINGS--YOU MEAN TO SAY DOC SUMMERS DID ALL THAT FOR FREE?

MEAN IT? HE EVEN GOT MAD WHEN I ASKED FOR A BILL! OH, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! JUST BEAUTIFUL! I WISH YOU COULD HAVE HEARD HIM!

BUT, OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T HEAR. OLD GRIMES CALLED THE TUNE AND THE LOCALS DANCED—AND PAID FOR THE MUSIC, TOO. AND LIKE HE SAID, A GOOD BUSINESSMAN NEVER MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY...

THE LITTLE AMES WIDOW? MRS. CINDER? NO—OH-NO! THAT POOR WOMAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE, POP. ANEMIA. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKED HER. WE'RE BURYING HER TOMORROW.

Funeral PARLOR

MISS AN OPPORTUNITY? OLD GRIMES WAS A DEDICATED MAN. DEDICATED TO OLD GRIMES! A REAL PRO! SO, THE NEXT DAY...

POOR OLD POP, HE'S SUCH A GOOD SOUL. JUST LOOK AT HIM. WHY, YOU'D THINK EVERY PERSON IN THIS TOWN WAS HIS OWN KIN.

THAT PENDANT—HM-M. IT'S **SOLID GOLD.** AND SET WITH **RUBIES.** IT SHOULD BRING QUITE A NICE SUM WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON IT.

WHY, THAT PERFORMANCE HE GAVE WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY THE WHITE HOUSE. AND THAT WAS ONLY HIS OPENING NUMBER! HIS ACT GOT EVEN BETTER, AFTERWARD!

THERE, THERE, POP. WE KNOW HOW YOUR HEART IS BREAKING, BUT YOU MUSTN'T ***GRIEVE*** SO. WE CAN'T HAVE ***YOU*** GETTING SICK, NOW, CAN WE?

OLD GRIMES' TEARS DRIPPED LIKE TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECES THAT AFTERNOON. JUST LIKE THE WET EARTH DRIPPED FROM HIS SHOVEL THAT NIGHT.

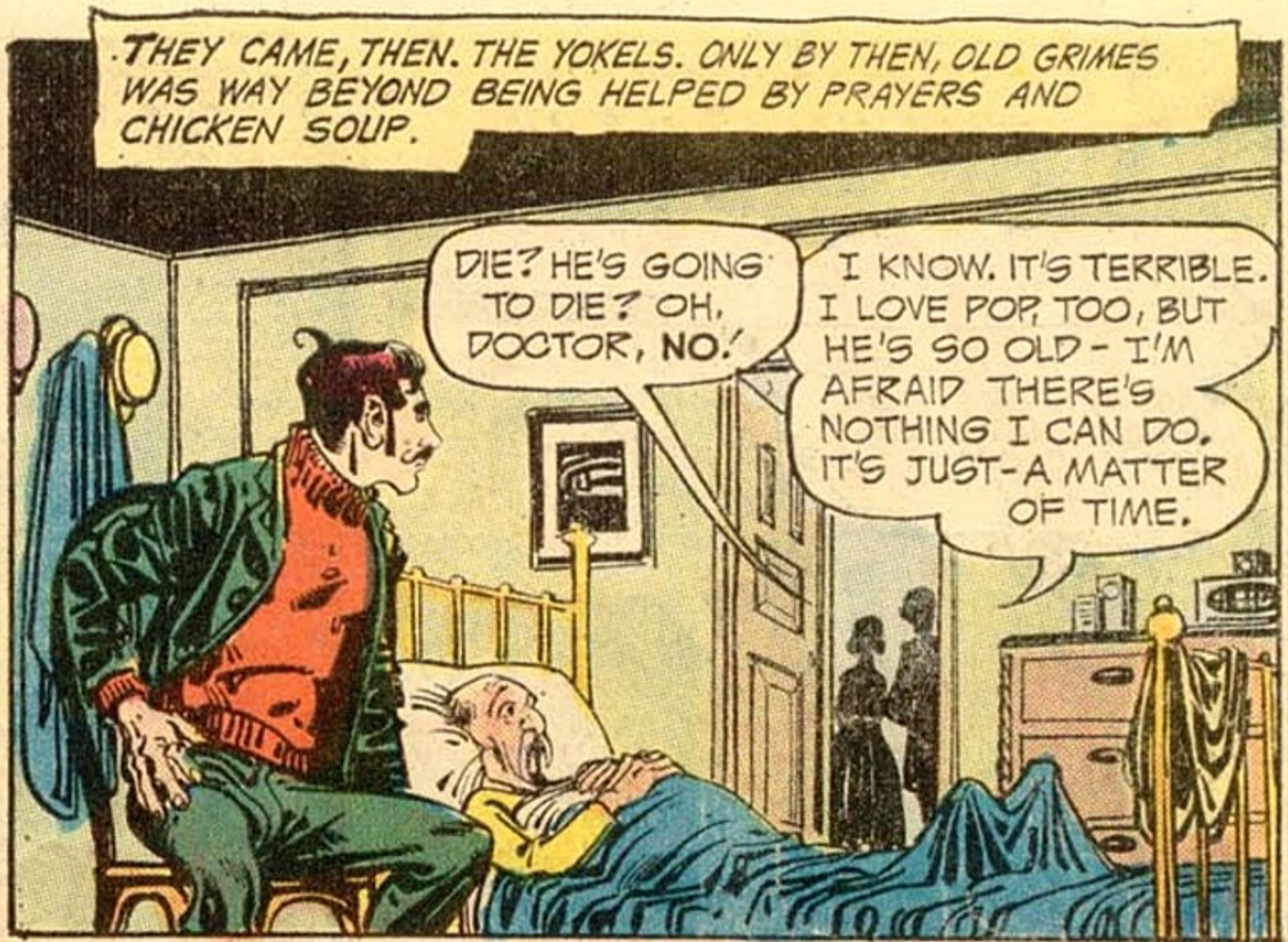
GEE, MR. GRIMES, SHE SURE WAS A PRETTY LITTLE THING, WASN'T SHE? SEEMS A SHAME WE HAD TO--

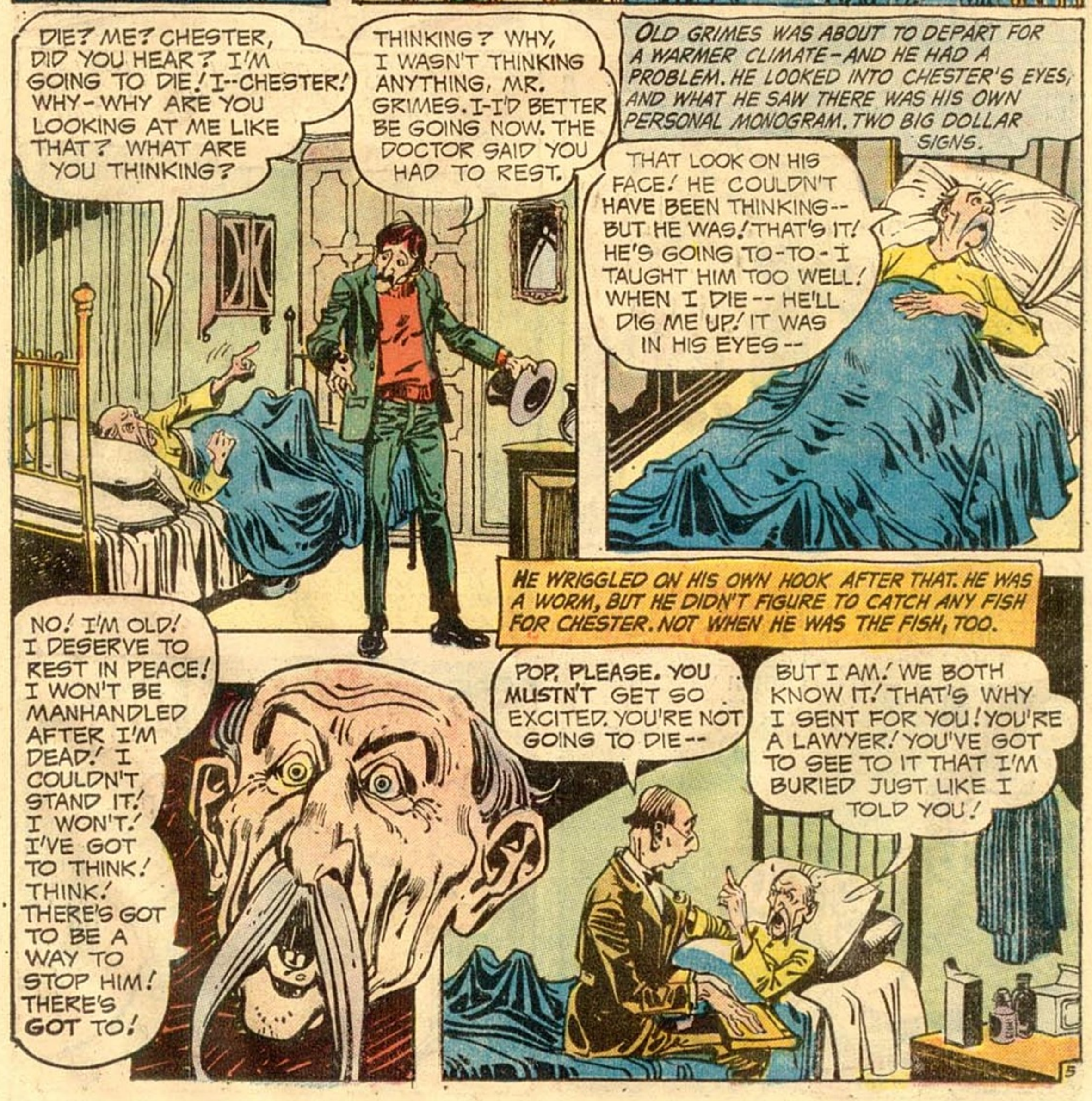
SPARE ME THE SENTIMENT, CHESTER. I TOLD YOU—NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY. GET HER BURIED AGAIN—THEN WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

YES, SIR, A CLEVER OLD DOG WAS GRIMES. BUT SOMETIMES, EVEN AN OLD DOG DOING AN OLD TRICK CAN COME A CROPPER...

SICK—I'M SICK—BURNING--THAT RAIN--

OPERATOR! PLEASE- A DOCTOR- GET ME A DOCTOR--


THEY CAME, THEN. THE YOKELS. ONLY BY THEN, OLD GRIMES WAS WAY BEYOND BEING HELPED BY PRAYERS AND CHICKEN SOUP.
DIE? HE'S GOING TO DIE? OH, DOCTOR, NO!
I KNOW. IT'S TERRIBLE. I LOVE POP, TOO, BUT HE'S SO OLD - I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. IT'S JUST-A MATTER OF TIME.


DIE? ME? CHESTER, DID YOU HEAR? I'M GOING TO DIE! I--CHESTER! WHY-WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?
THINKING? WHY, I WASN'T THINKING ANYTHING, MR. GRIMES. I-I'D BETTER BE GOING NOW. THE DOCTOR SAID YOU HAD TO REST.
OLD GRIMES WAS ABOUT TO DEPART FOR A WARMER CLIMATE-AND HE HAD A PROBLEM. HE LOOKED INTO CHESTER'S EYES, AND WHAT HE SAW THERE WAS HIS OWN PERSONAL MONOGRAM. TWO BIG DOLLAR SIGNS.
THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THINKING-- BUT HE WAS! THAT'S IT! HE'S GOING TO-TO-I TAUGHT HIM TOO WELL! WHEN I DIE-- HE'LL DIG ME UP! IT WAS IN HIS EYES--
HE WRIGGLED ON HIS OWN HOOK AFTER THAT. HE WAS A WORM, BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE TO CATCH ANY FISH FOR CHESTER. NOT WHEN HE WAS THE FISH, TOO.
NO! I'M OLD! I DESERVE TO REST IN PEACE! I WON'T BE MANHANDLED AFTER I'M DEAD! I COULDN'T STAND IT! I WON'T! I'VE GOT TO THINK! THINK! THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO STOP HIM! THERE'S GOT TO!
POP, PLEASE. YOU MUSTN'T GET SO EXCITED. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE--
BUT I AM! WE BOTH KNOW IT! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU! YOU'RE A LAWYER! YOU'VE GOT TO SEE TO IT THAT I'M BURIED JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU!

REMEMBER: NO JEWELRY! NOTHING! AND THE CHEAPEST CASKET YOU CAN FIND! THERE MUSTN'T BE ANYTHING OF VALUE IN MY GRAVE! NOT ANYTHING!

EASY, POP, EASY. ALL RIGHT. IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, I'LL ARRANGE IT. I PROMISE.

WHEN HE DIED, HE MEANT FOR THE R.I.P. ON HIS TOMBSTONE TO MEAN REST IN PEACE, NOT RIPOFF IS PERMITTED! HE POINTED THAT OUT TO CHESTER, AT THE END...

NOTHING! YOU HEARD ME, CHESTER? THERE'LL BE NOTHING IN MY GRAVE! NOTHING BUT ME! IT WON'T BE WORTH YOUR WHILE TO DIG ME UP!

DIG YOU-- WHY, MR. GRIMES! WHAT A THING TO SAY! I WOULDN'T--

LIAR! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THINKING! BUT I WON'T HAVE MY REST DISTURBED ONCE I GO! I'VE BEATEN YOU! I-I--

MR. GRIMES! WHAT IS IT? WHAT--

MY HEART! MY--AH-- AH-H-H--

HE'D THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. AND SO HE WAS ABLE TO SMILE WHEN HE LAY IN HIS CHINTZY COFFIN, AFTERWARD. THOUGH HIS SMILE WAS A BIT STIFF.

THE LOCALS WERE WONDERING ABOUT THAT SMILE EVEN WHEN THEY TUCKED HIM AWAY. BUT THEN, THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD GRIMES THOUGHT HE HAD IT MADE...

JUST AS THEY DIDN'T KNOW, LATER, THAT HE'D GOOFED. NOT EVEN OLD GRIMES KNEW THAT. IF HE HAD, HE'D HAVE TURNED OVER IN HIS GRAVE...

TZAG!

BUT, OF COURSE, THAT WASN'T TO BE NECESSARY. CHESTER WANTED HIM JUST THE WAY HE WAS. HE DIDN'T HAVE OLD GRIMES' FINESSE, OLD CHESTER DIDN'T. HE WAS EVEN A LITTLE DUMB. BUT STILL...

CHESTER WASN'T SMART AT ALL, BUT HE WAS WILLING TO LEARN. AND HE HAD. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT HE REALLY DUG WHAT OLD GRIMES HAD TAUGHT HIM...

HELLO, MR. GRIMES, SURPRISED TO SEE ME? I'LL BET YOU ARE! FOR A WHILE THERE, I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER GET TO SEE YOU AGAIN. BUT. THEN I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT ALL THOSE SMART THINGS YOU SAID!

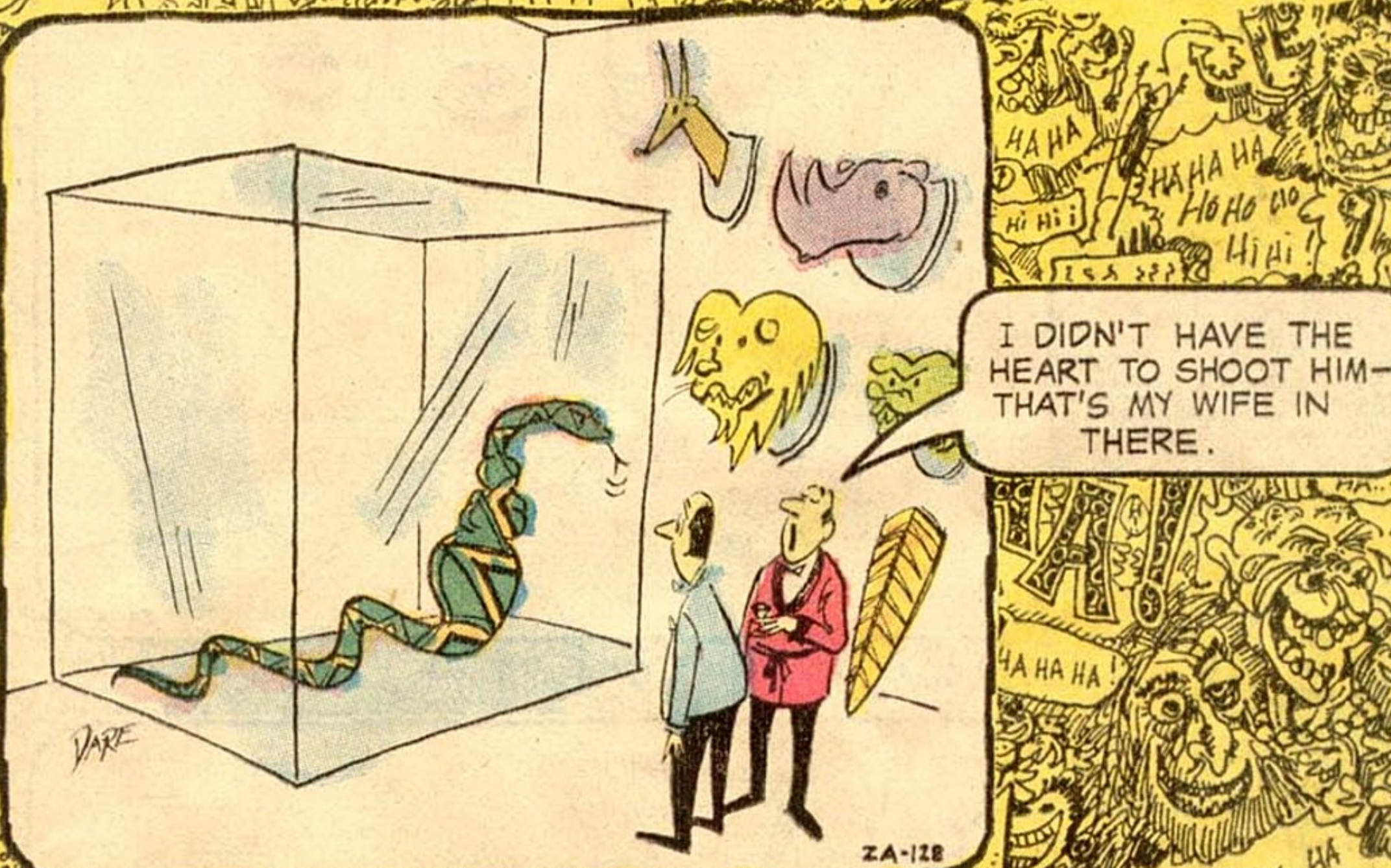
LIKE HOW PEOPLE IN OUR LINE OF WORK CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SENTIMENTAL AND ALL. REMEMBER, MR. GRIMES? YOU SURE WERE RIGHT ABOUT THAT.
R·I·P
PETER GRIMES
1837-1912

YESSIR, YOU SURE WERE A SMART ONE. 'SPECIALLY THE WAY YOU WORKED THINGS SO IT WOULDN'T PAY ME TO DIG YOU UP. BUT. YOU KNOW SOMETHING? THAT WAS JUST WHAT SET ME TO THINKING ABOUT IT. SO HERE I AM.

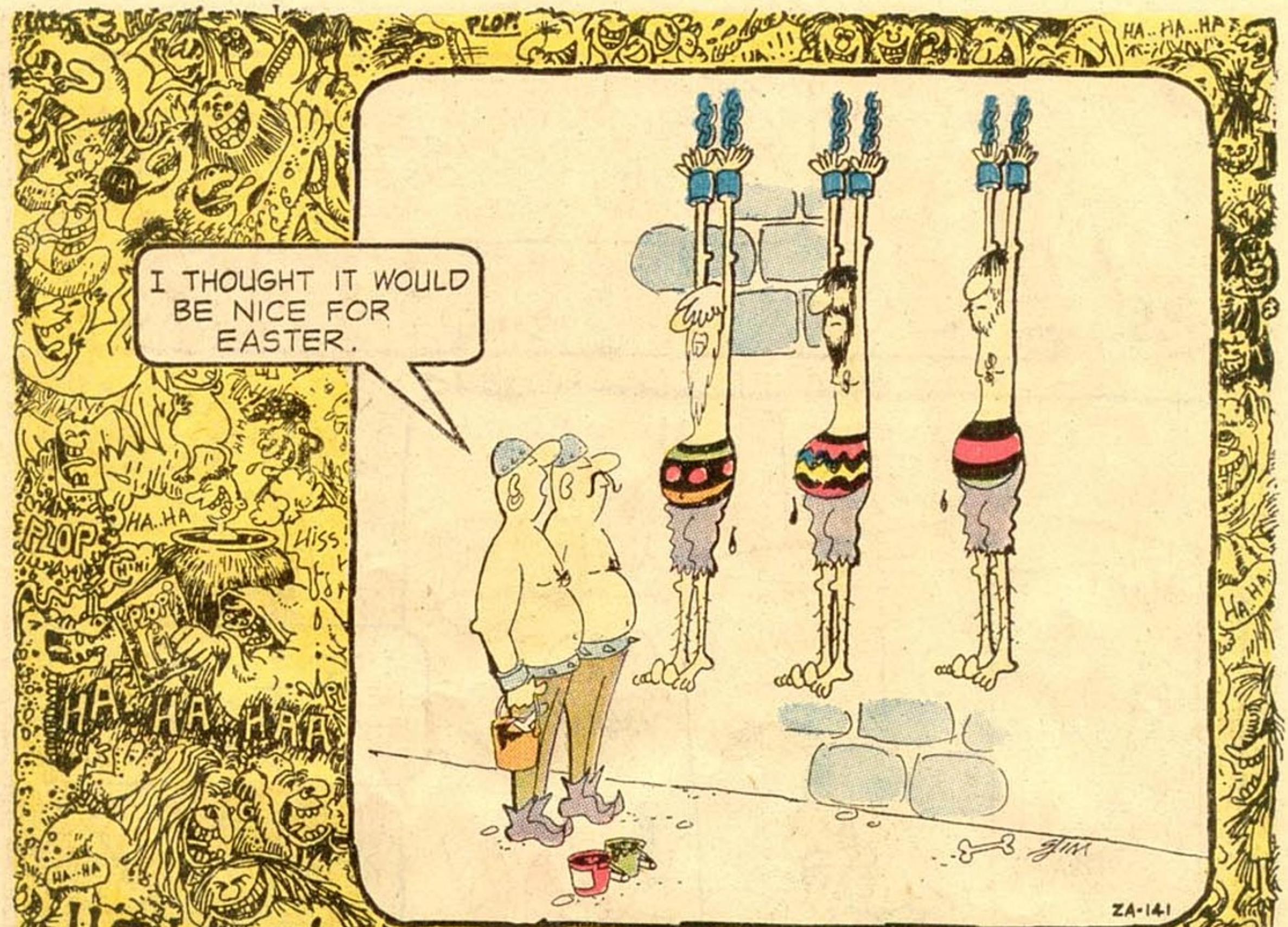
YOU SEE, YOU FORGOT SOMETHING. THOSE GOLD FILLED DENTURES DOC SUMMERS PUT IN YOUR MOUTH, MR. GRIMES? THEY'RE SOLID GOLD. AND LIKE YOU SAID, A SMART BUSINESSMAN NEVER MISSES AN OPPORTUNITY. RIGHT?

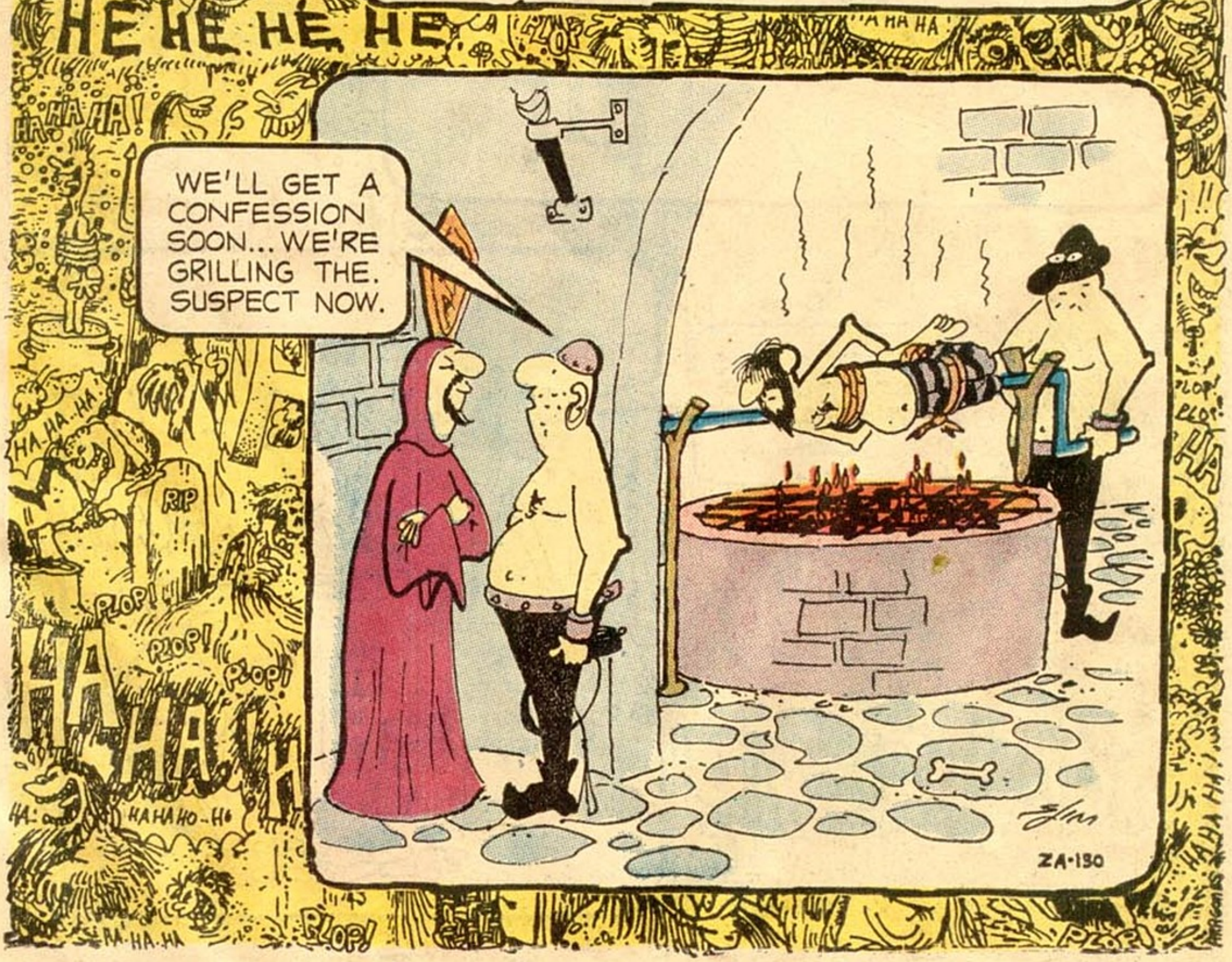
POOR OLD GRIMES. HE WAS MY KIND OF PEOPLE. TOO BAD HE FINALLY BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW. EH?
The END

AGH!
AND SPEAKING OF BITING OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, HERE ARE A FEW TASTE-TEMPTING PLOP-EREENIES, GUARANTEED TO DO DISGUSTING THINGS TO YOUR APPETITE!


HA HA
HA HA HA HO HO HO HI HI!
HA HA
HI HI!
I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO SHOOT HIM— THAT'S MY WIFE IN THERE.
DARE
ZA-128
HA HA HA!
HA HA
HO HO HA..HA HI...HI!!

MIND SPLASHING AROUND TO KEEP OUR VEGETABLES FROM STICKING?
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA HA
HA..HA
HA HA HO-HO
HA..HA
PLOP!
ZA-129


PLOP!
HA..HA..HA!
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE FOR EASTER.
FLOP
HA..HA
HISS
HA HA HAA
HA..HA
HE HE HE HE
ZA-141


WE'LL GET A CONFESSION SOON... WE'RE GRILLING THE. SUSPECT NOW.
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA H
HA-HA-HA
PLOP!
ZA-130

SCRIPT by: STEVE SKEATES

ART by: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

HEY, SKINNY!

MAC! I THINK THAT GUY OVER THERE IS TRYING TO GET YOUR ATTENTION!

MAC! MAC!

WOW! THESE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES AND GHOULS SURE ARE GREAT!

MONSTER MAG

ZA-40

HEY! QUIT KICKING SAND ALL OVER MY MONSTER MAGAZINE!

MONSTER MAG

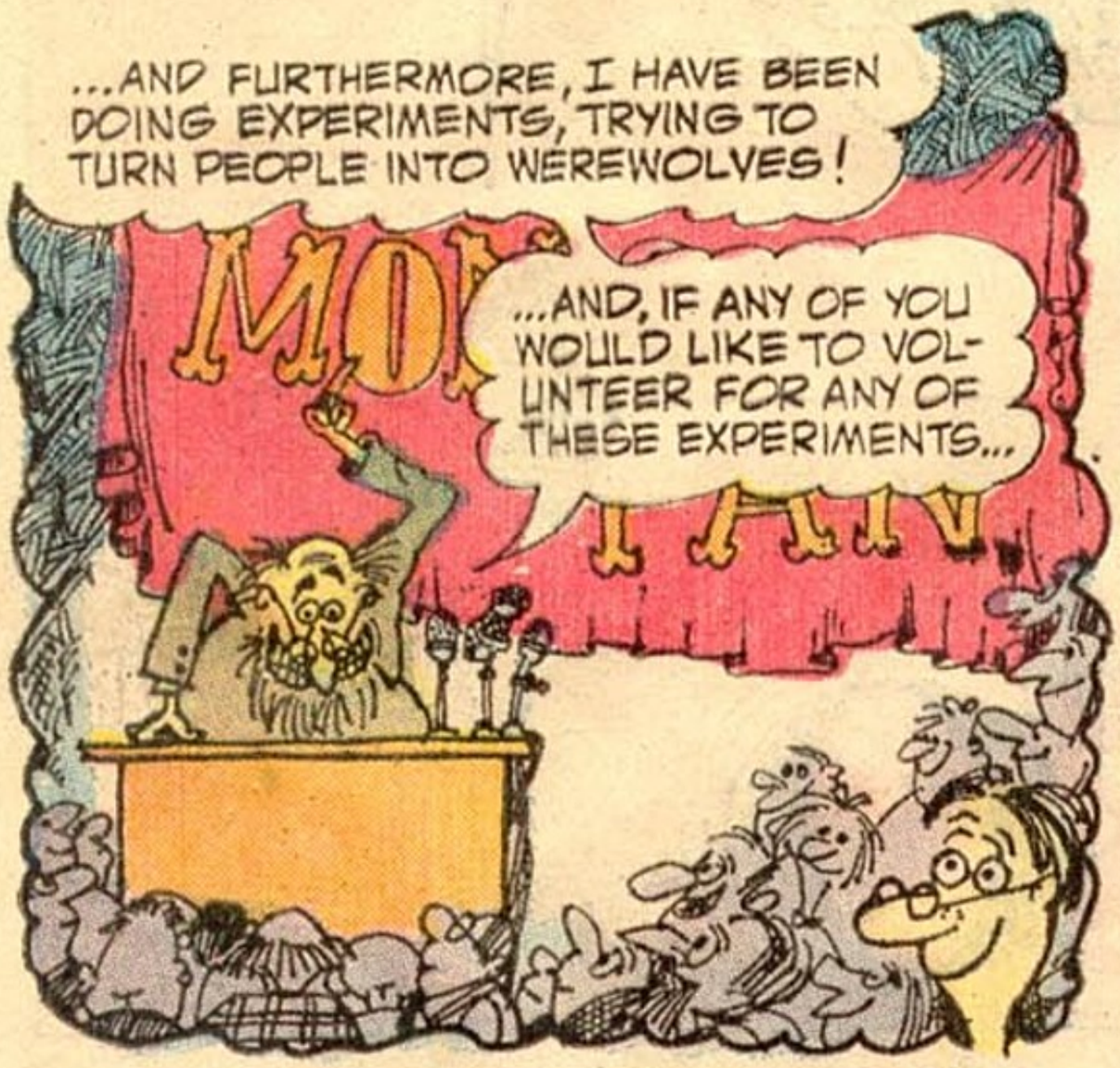
THAT MAN'S THE BIGGEST PEST ON THE BEACH!

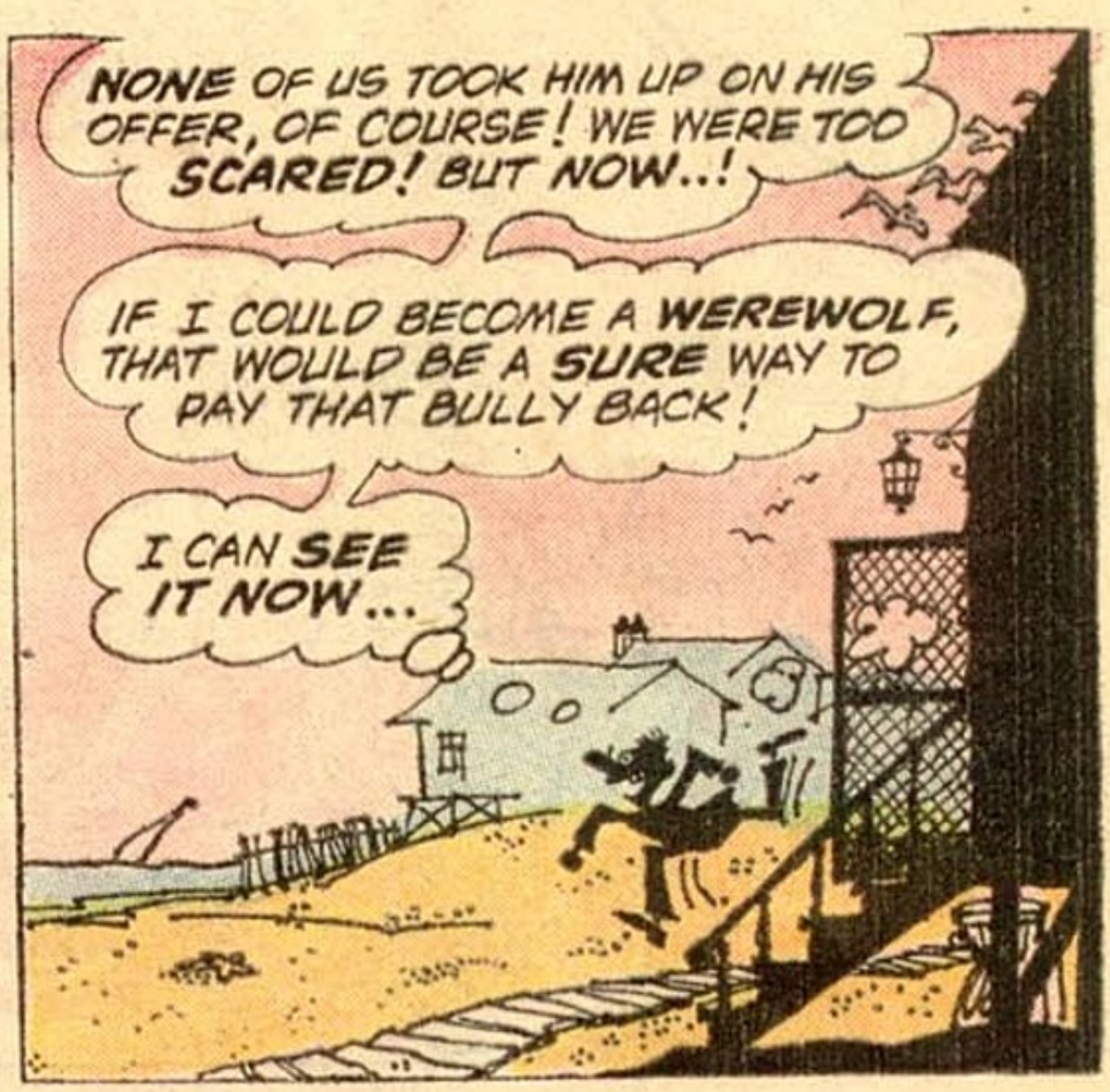
LISTEN, SHORTY, I THINK I MIGHT JUST PUNCH YOU SO HARD YOUR HEAD WON'T STOP RINGING FOR THREE YEARS!

...EXCEPT YOU LOOK SO WEAK I'D PROBABLY KILL YOU!

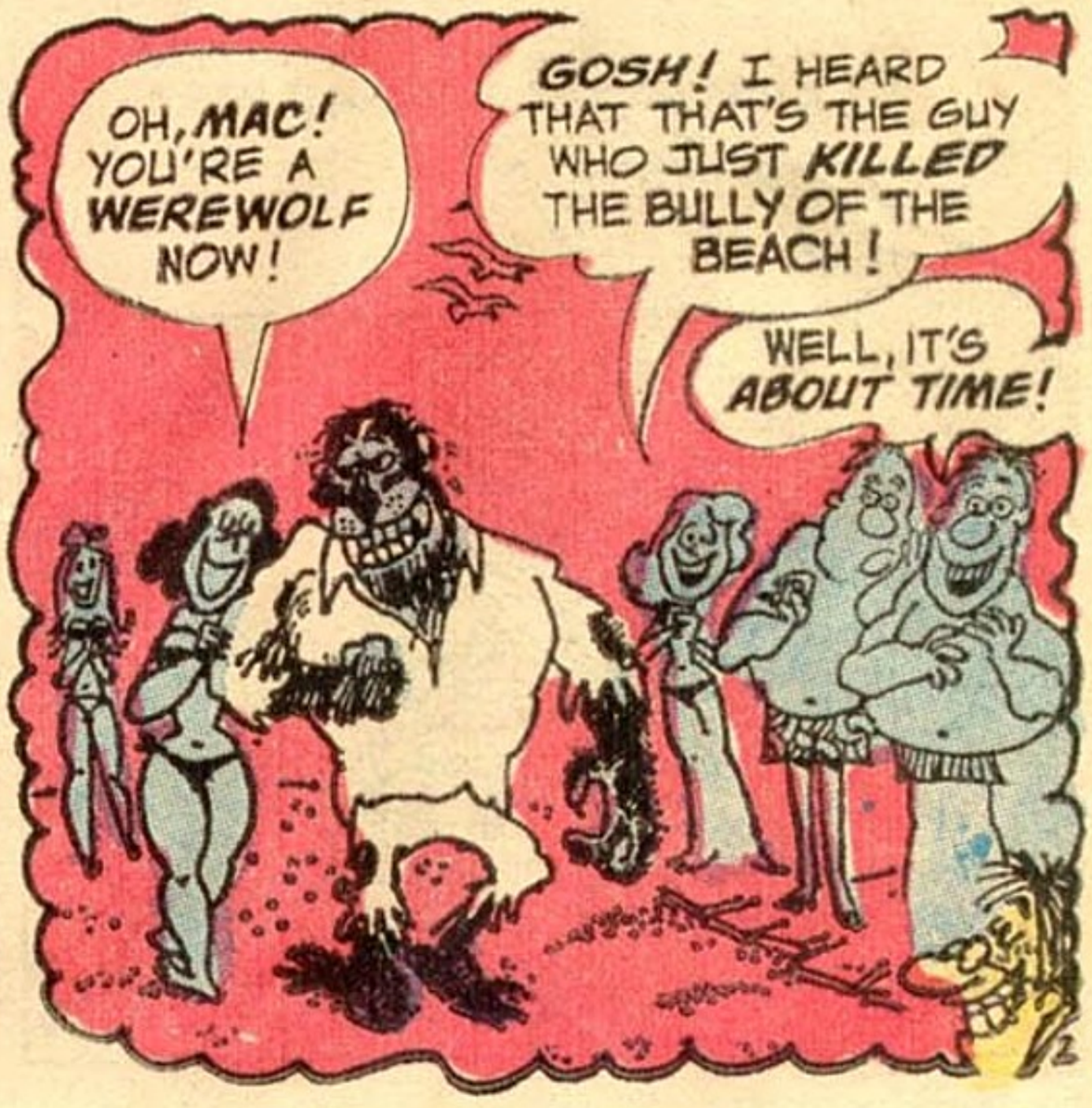
THAT GUY BURNS ME! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM SOMEDAY! I SWEAR IT!
AWW, NOW, DON'T LET HIM BOTHER YOU, LITTLE MAN!

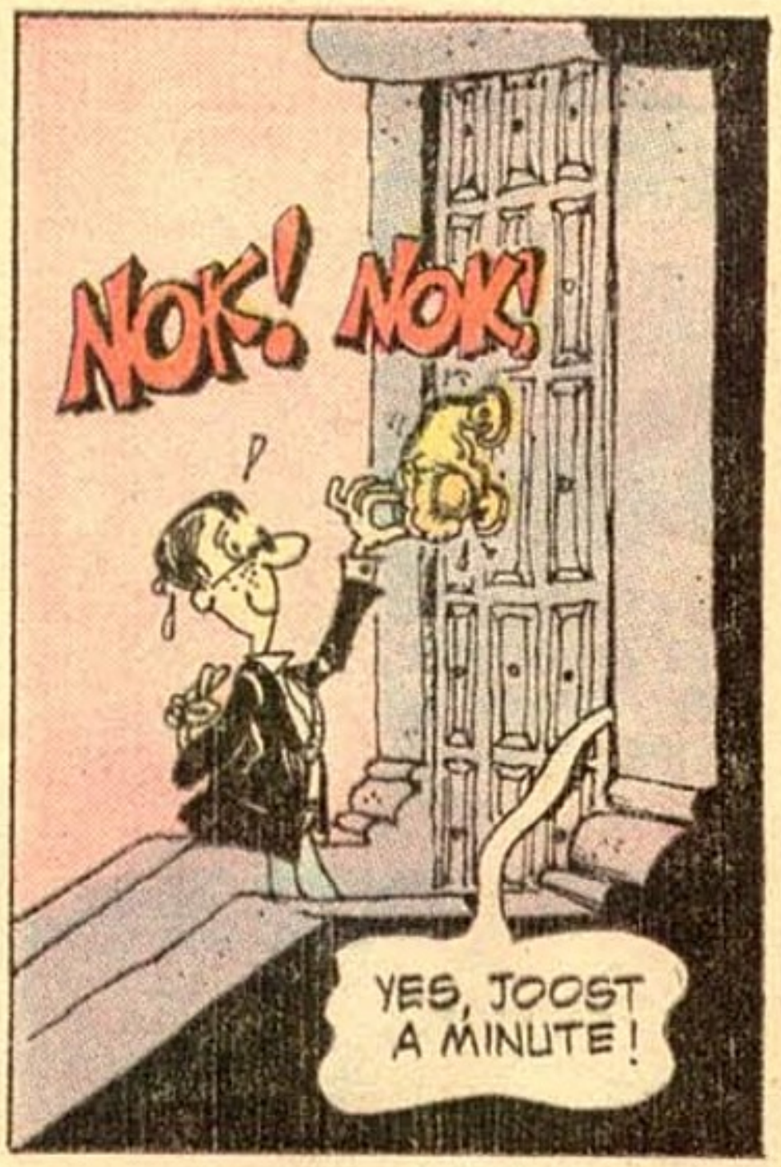
LATER...
I'LL GET EVEN! SOMEHOW I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL--
WAIT! THAT SPEECH GIVEN BY THAT CRAZY PROFESSOR THAT ME AND THE REST OF THE MONSTER FAN CLUB ATTENDED LAST WEEK!


...AND FURTHERMORE, I HAVE BEEN DOING EXPERIMENTS, TRYING TO TURN PEOPLE INTO WEREWOLVES!
...AND, IF ANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER FOR ANY OF THESE EXPERIMENTS...


NONE OF US TOOK HIM UP ON HIS OFFER, OF COURSE! WE WERE TOO SCARED! BUT NOW..!
IF I COULD BECOME A WEREWOLF, THAT WOULD BE A SURE WAY TO PAY THAT BULLY BACK!
I CAN SEE IT NOW...

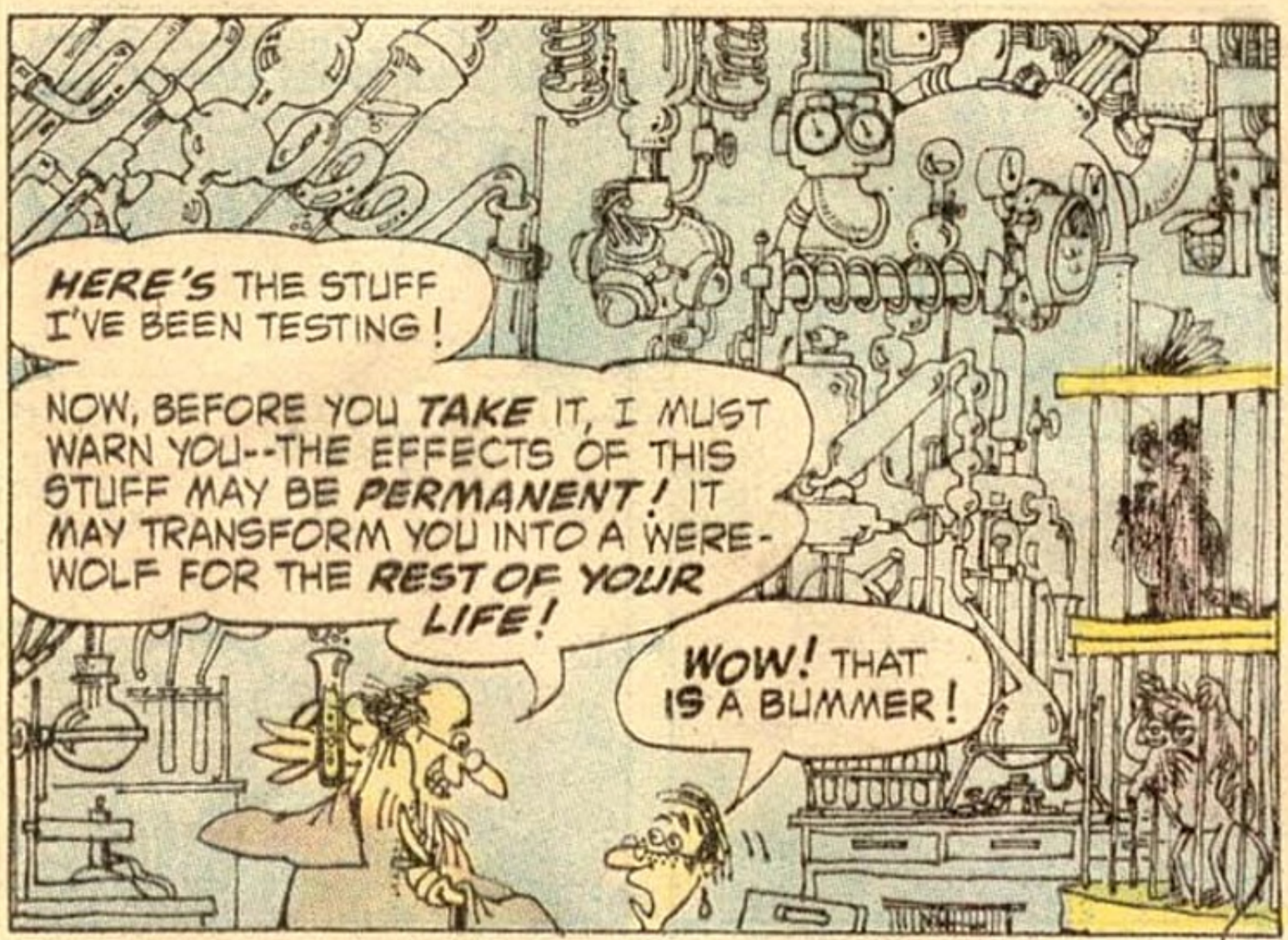
OKAY, FELLA! HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
MMARRGGHH!!

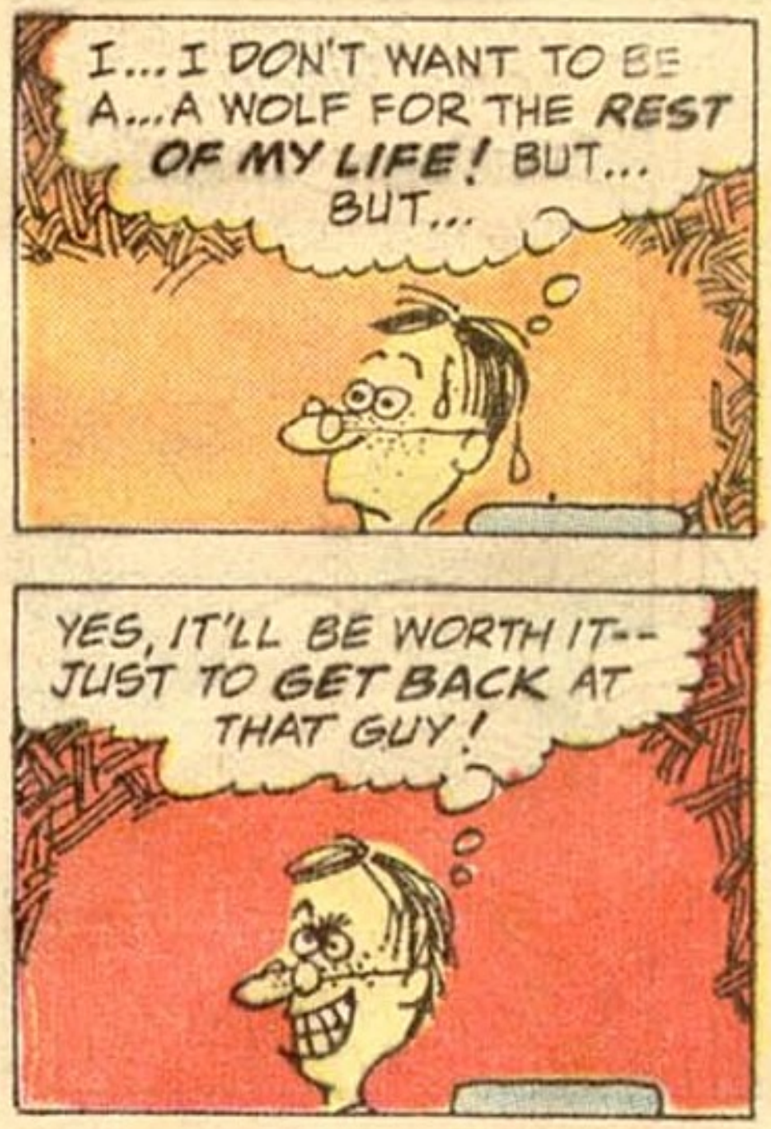

OH, MAC! YOU'RE A WEREWOLF NOW!
GOSH! I HEARD THAT THAT'S THE GUY WHO JUST KILLED THE BULLY OF THE BEACH!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!

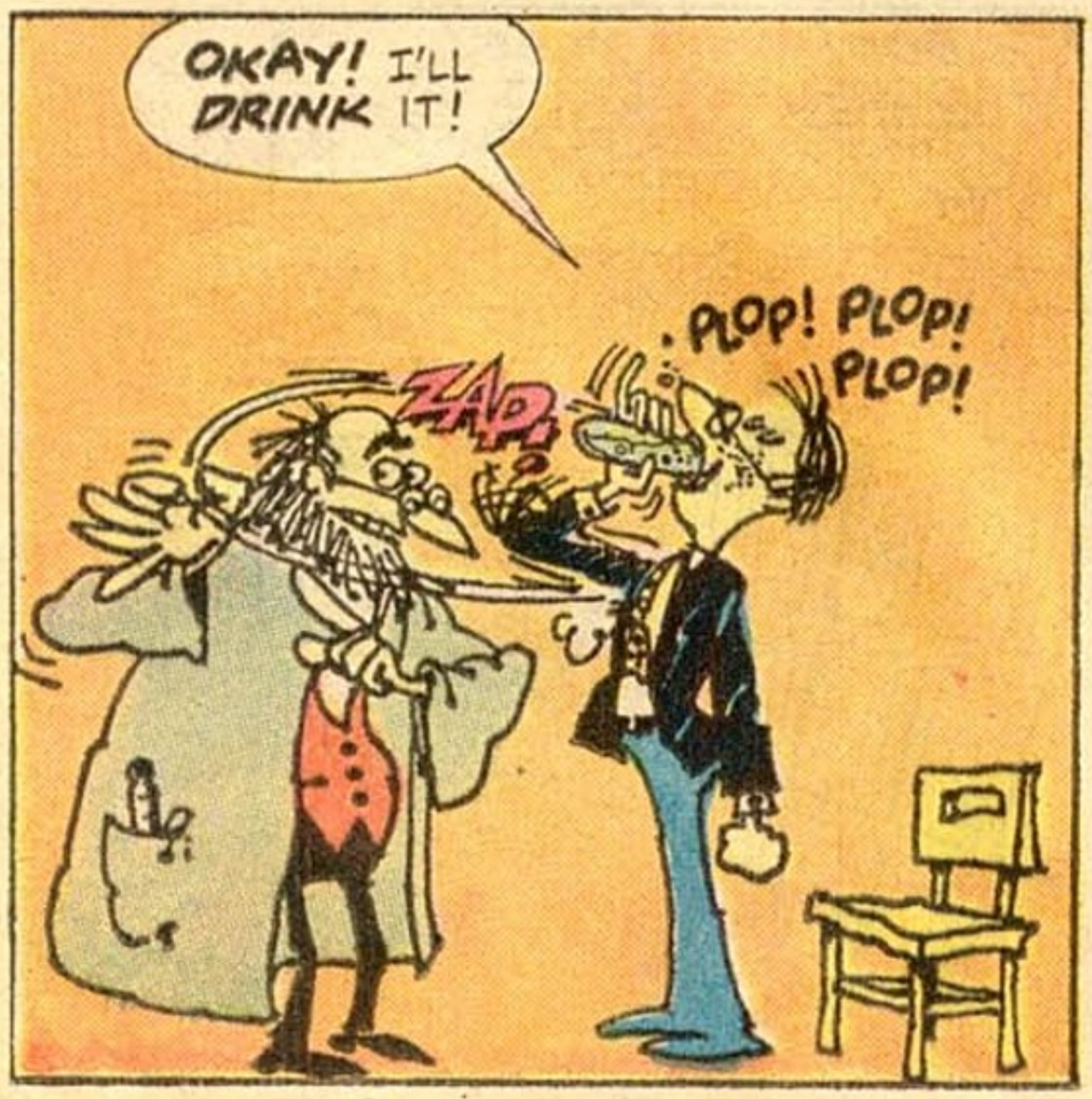

NOK! NOK!
YES, JOOST A MINUTE!

YES, YOUNG MAN, WHAT IS IT I CAN DO FOR-- HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
AREN'T YOU ONE OF THE PEOPLE WHO WAS AT MY RECENT TALK?
YES, THAT'S RIGHT, PROFESSOR!

I'M HERE IN REFERENCE TO YOUR ASKING FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR YOUR EXPERIMENT!
WELL, COME IN! BY ALL MEANS, COME IN!


HERE'S THE STUFF I'VE BEEN TESTING!
NOW, BEFORE YOU TAKE IT, I MUST WARN YOU--THE EFFECTS OF THIS STUFF MAY BE PERMANENT! IT MAY TRANSFORM YOU INTO A WERE-WOLF FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!
WOW! THAT IS A BUMMER!


I... I DON'T WANT TO BE A... A WOLF FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! BUT... BUT...
YES, IT'LL BE WORTH IT-- JUST TO GET BACK AT THAT GUY!


OKAY! I'LL DRINK IT!
ZAP!
PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--
HUNH? WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU'VE GOT TO STAY HERE... SO I CAN CONTROL THE EXPERIMENT!
NO! THERE'S SOME-ONE I WANT TO BE FACE TO FACE WITH WHEN I TRANSFORM!

BUT, EVEN AS HE STEPPED OUT OF THE PROFESSOR'S ABODE...

NOW, I'LL FIX THAT BULLY! I'LL--

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL FUNNY! DON'T TELL ME THE STUFF IS ALREADY WORKING?

AND, FROM INSIDE...

YES, IT'S WORKING! HE'S STARTING TO TRANSFORM!

AH, THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE! IT'S--

NO! NO! SOMETHING'S GOING WRONG!

HE'S NOT TRANSFORMING INTO A WOLF! HE'S CHANGING INTO A...A...

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? I'M--

HUNH? ALL THOSE DOGS-- HEADING THIS WAY!

THEY...THEY LOOK LIKE BULLIES! LOOKING FOR A FIGHT! AND I'M... I'M...

RRRR!

GRR

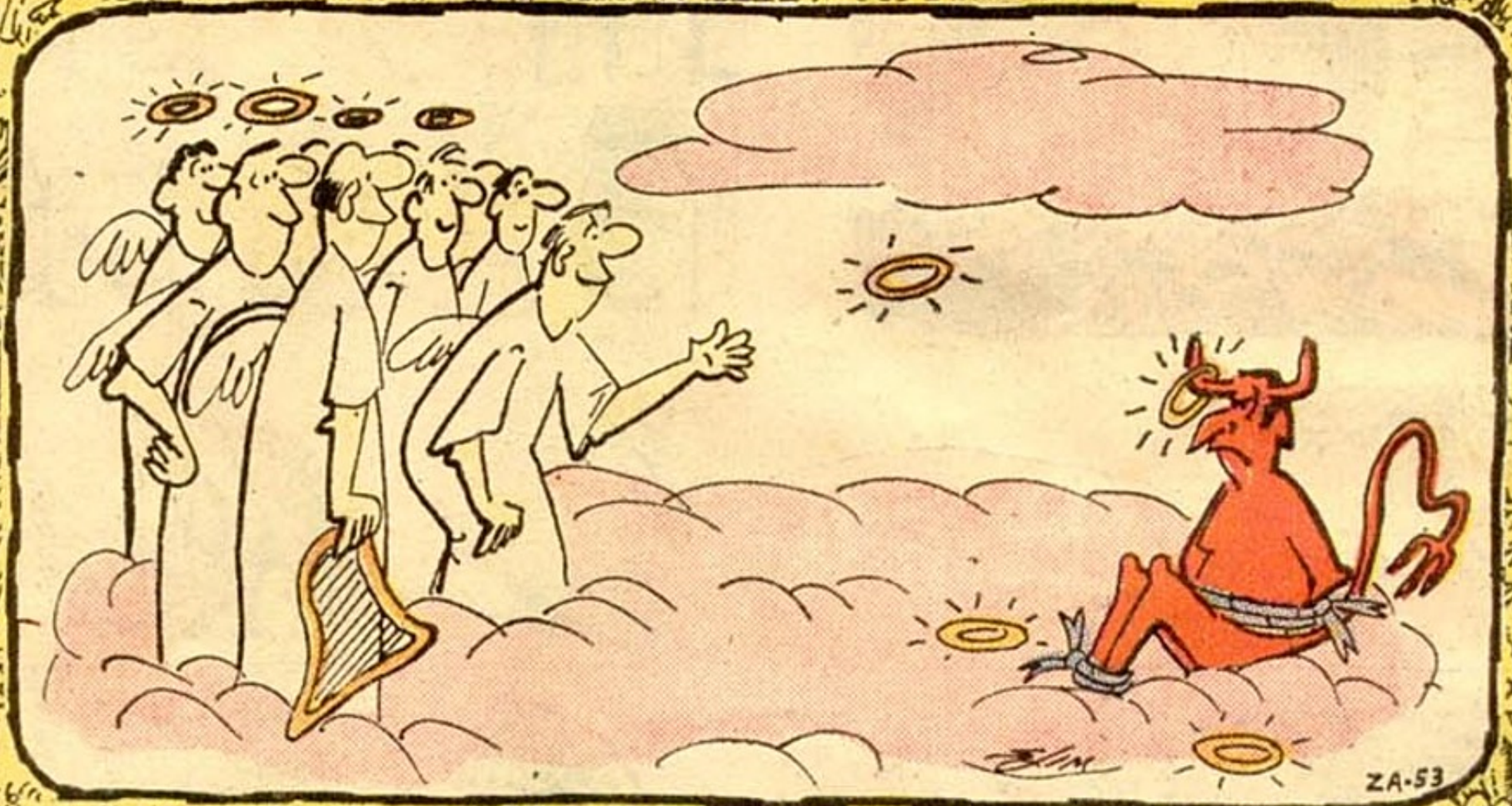
EEEEEE!

GOD! WHAT A MESS! LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE THE FORMULA WORKED OUT RIGHT!

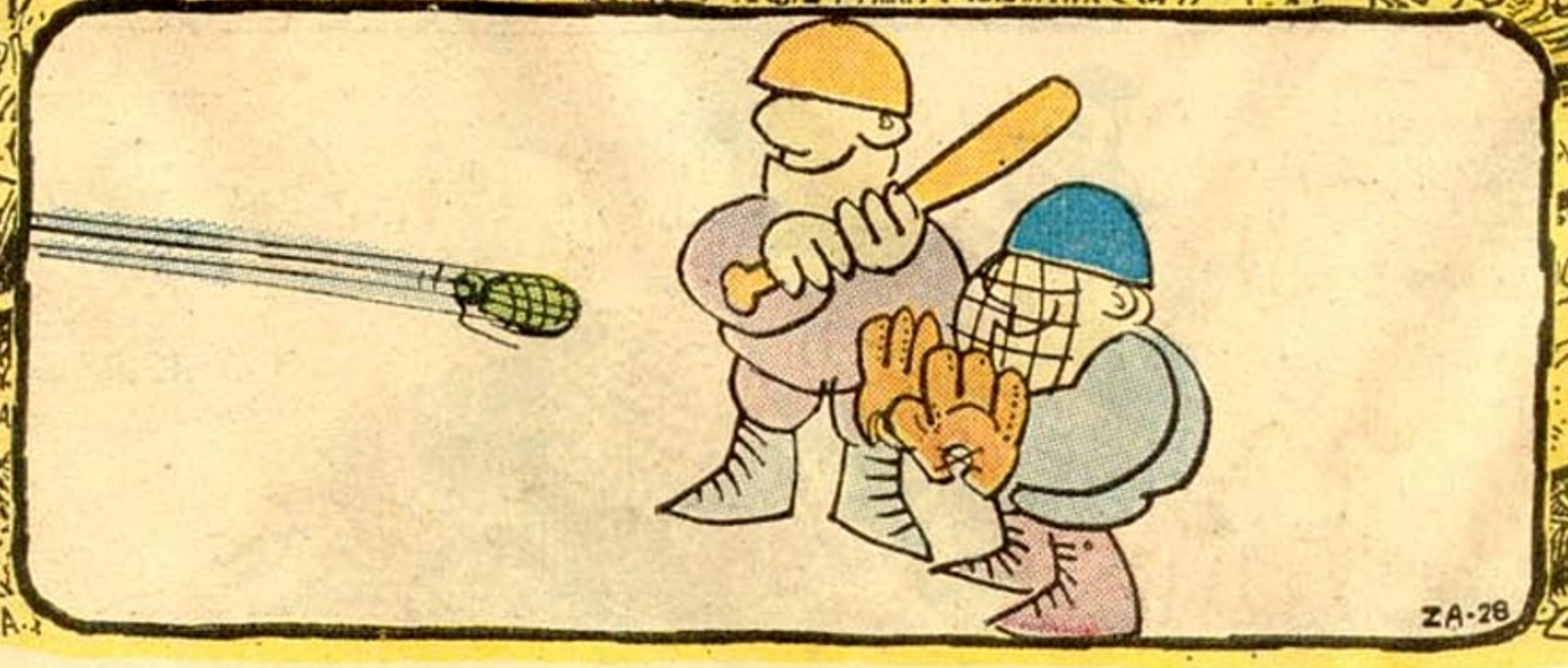
OH, WELL... BACK TO WORK...

END

B-BACK TO WORK?! I-IS THAT ALL THAT GOOFY SCIENTIST CAN S-SAY AFTER WATCHING THOSE B-BEASTS TEAR THAT POOR "DOG" TO SHREDS, RIGHT BEFORE HIS VERY EYES?
HONESTLY, K-KIDS, AFTER A S-STORY LIKE THAT ONE, IT'S LUCKY WE HAVE A FEW HAPPY, C-CAREFREE PLOPS ON HAND, JUST FOR COMIC RELIEF!


ZA-53

ZA-18


ZA-28

HEE HEEHEE!! WONDERING ABOUT THIS STRANGE BREW I'M PREPARING? HEE HEE HEE!!... WELL... YE TAKE A PINCH OF GUN POWDER, TWO TURKEY FEATHERS, A PIECE OF A HUNTER'S HAT, AND A HEAP OF A MEDICINE MAN'S POTION AND YE HAVE... HEE HEEEEEE!!... A FITTING FEAST FOR...

The Man Who Came To Dinner

HUH--? OH, IT'S *YOU* AGAIN, *DARK CLOUD!* LISTEN, MEDICINE MAN, I TOL' YOU BEFORE--THIS IS FREE HUNTIN' TERRITORY!

BUT THE TURKEY IS NOT ONLY FOR TOTEM... IT IS OUR ONLY MEAT.

I COULDN'T GIVE A HOOT AN' A HOLLER FER YORE SACRED TURKEY-GROUNDS!

YOU KILL TOO MANY TURKEYS! SOON BE NO TURKEYS LEFT TO FEED MY PEOPLE.

THET'S TOO BAD, INJUN. TURKEYS MAY BE YORE MEAT--BUT THEY'RE MY... HEH... HEH... BREAD AN' BUTTER.

YOU DO NOT CARE THAT OUR WOMEN AND OUR CHILDREN GO HUNGRY?

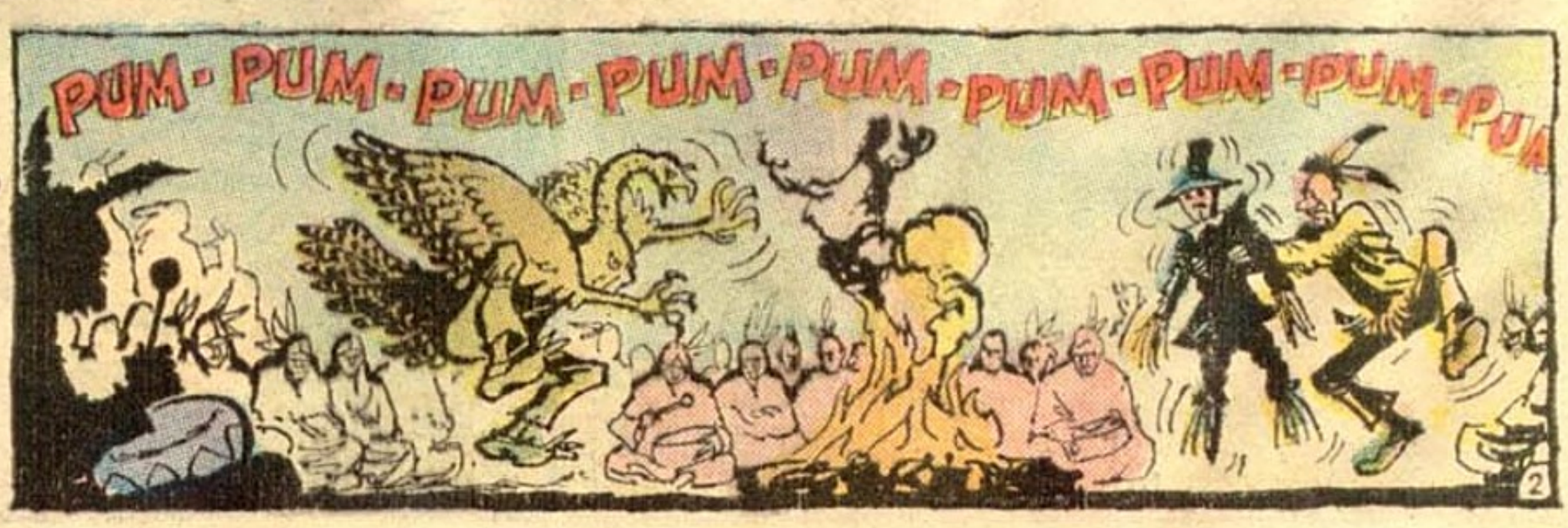
THET'S *YORE* PROBLEM!

MY PROBLEM'S GITTIN' THESE BIRDS FER THE BIG DINNER T'MORRY AFTERNOON!

THAT GREEDY WHITE MAN HAS THE HEART OF A SNAKE!

FOR THAT, HE MUST SUFFER THE VENGEANCE OF THE TURKEY GODS!

THAT NIGHT, TO THE RHYTHMIC TATTOO OF MUTED DRUMS, AN AWESOME RITUAL BEGINS...



AS THE HOURS PASS, THE DRUMBEATS RISE TO A TERRIFYING CRESCENDO...
PUM-PUM-PUM
PUM-PUM-PUM
HEEYAHH

...WHILE ELSEWHERE, A LONE FIGURE SLEEPS FITFULLY...
OW-W-
UNGH-
ARRRGH-
OOHH-

...UNAWARE OF THE CAUSE OF HIS TERRIFYING NIGHTMARE...
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
GOBBLE

HUH--? HEART'S BEATIN' LIKE A TOM-TOM!
MUSTA BEEN HAVIN' A NIGHT-MARE!
I'M SHORE GLAD THET NIGHTMARE IS OVER!

OH, BUT YODEL-- THIS NIGHTMARE IS ONLY *BEGINNING!* LATER, AT THE TRADING POST...

INDEED, OUR BEWILDERED TURKEY TRADER HAS *GOOD REASON* TO BE FRIGHTENED...

THET IMITATION DIDN'T HAPPEN ON *PURPOSE!*

I COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF!

ALL OF A SUDDEN, SOMETHIN' *MADE* ME GOBBLE LIKE A TURKEY!

AND LATER...

MUH FEET ARE *KILLIN'* ME!

MEBBE IF I WALK *BAREFOOT* AWHILE...

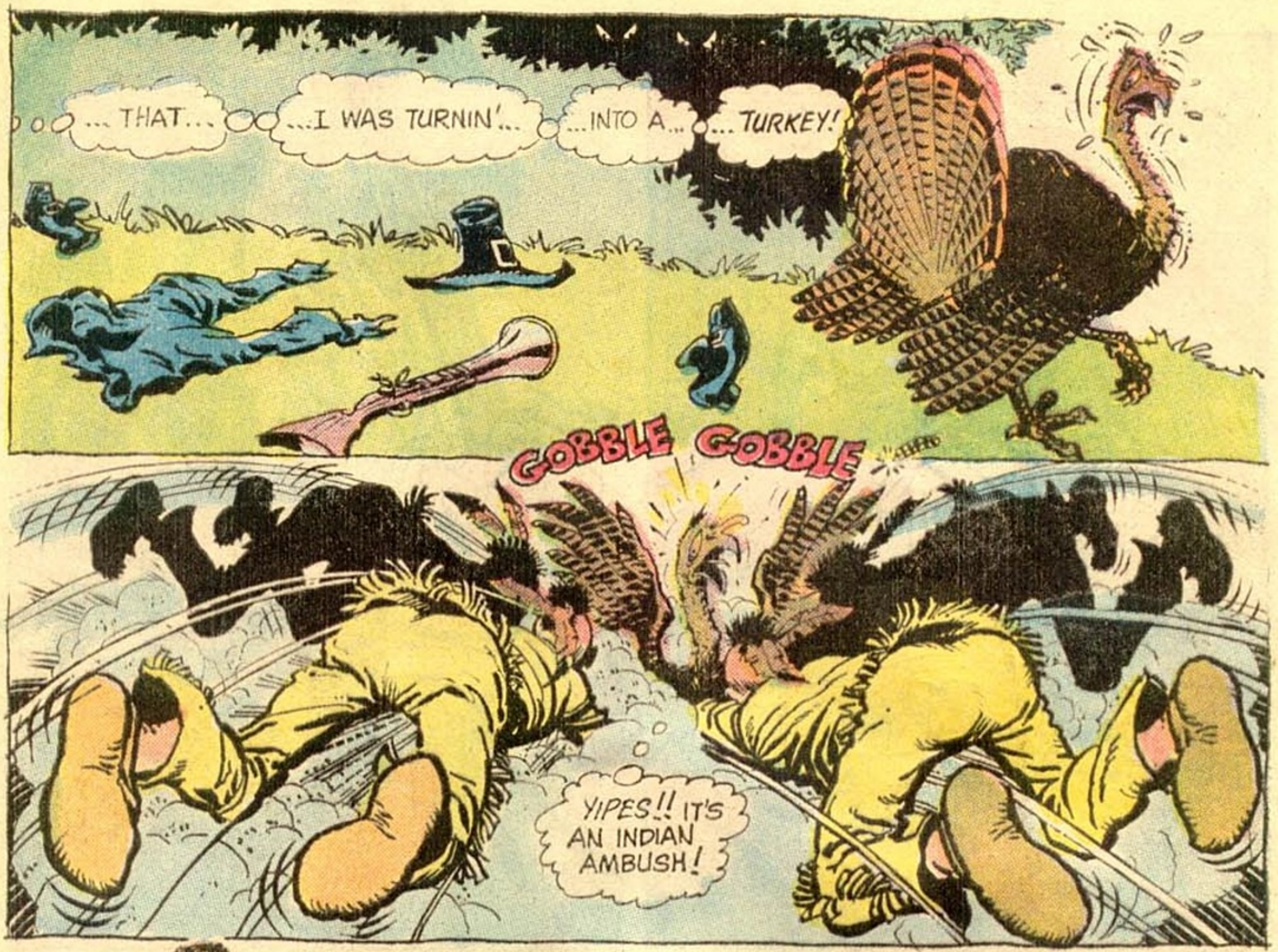
OMIGOD! THEM AIN'T *FEET* ANY MORE! THEM'S *TURKEY CLAWS!*

M-MY WHOLE BODY... IT- IT'S STARTIN' TO *SHRIVEL!*

...AN' MY HANDS'RE TURNIN' TO *FEATHERS!*

N-NOW I REMEMBER THE NIGHTMARE!

I DREAMED TH-THAT....


... THAT...
...I WAS TURNIN'...
...INTO A...
... TURKEY!
GOBBLE GOBBLE
YIPES!! IT'S AN INDIAN AMBUSH!

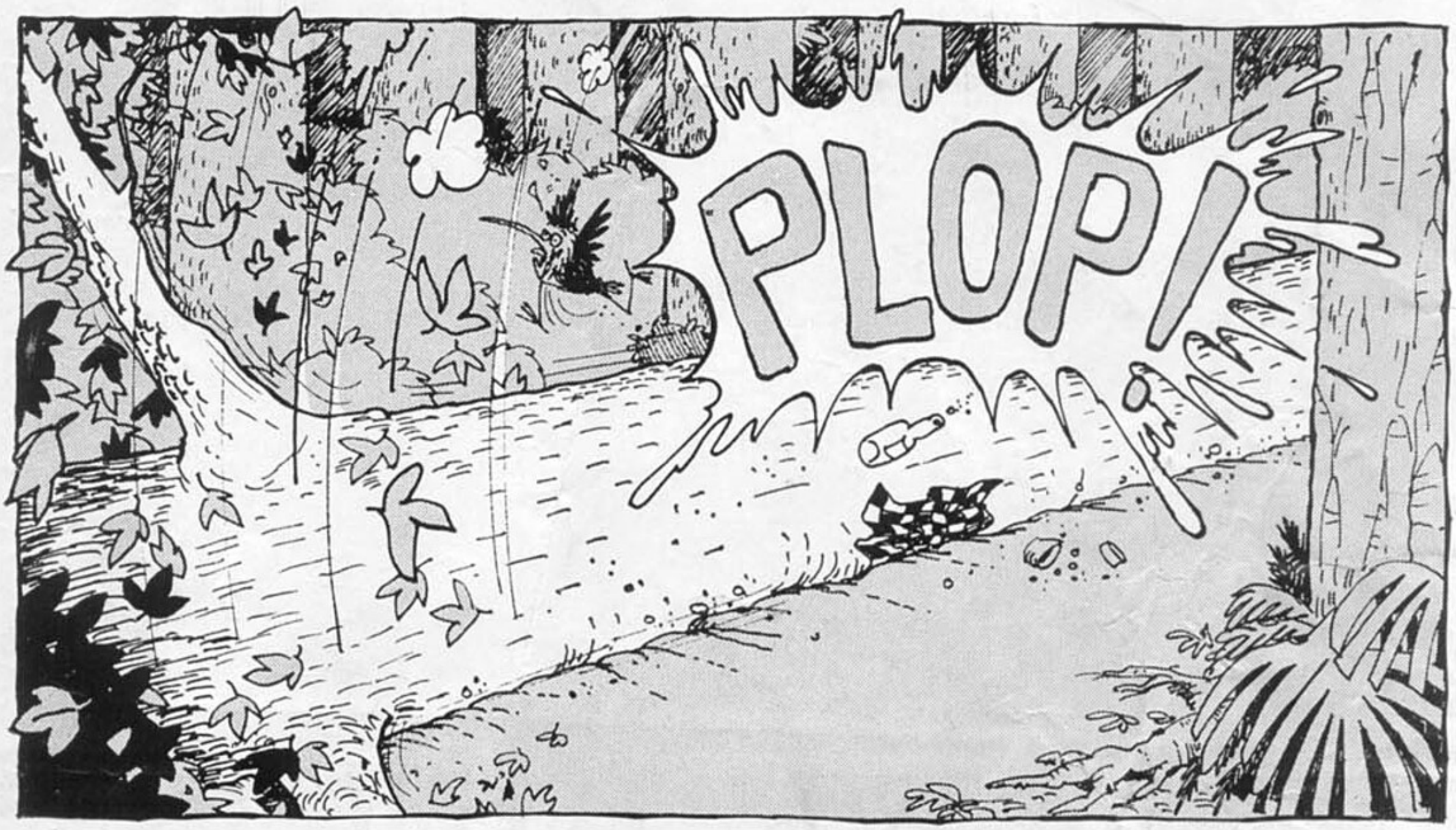
NO USE STRUGGLIN'. THEY'RE HOLDIN' ME TOO TIGHT!
BUT WHERE'RE THEY TAKIN' ME?

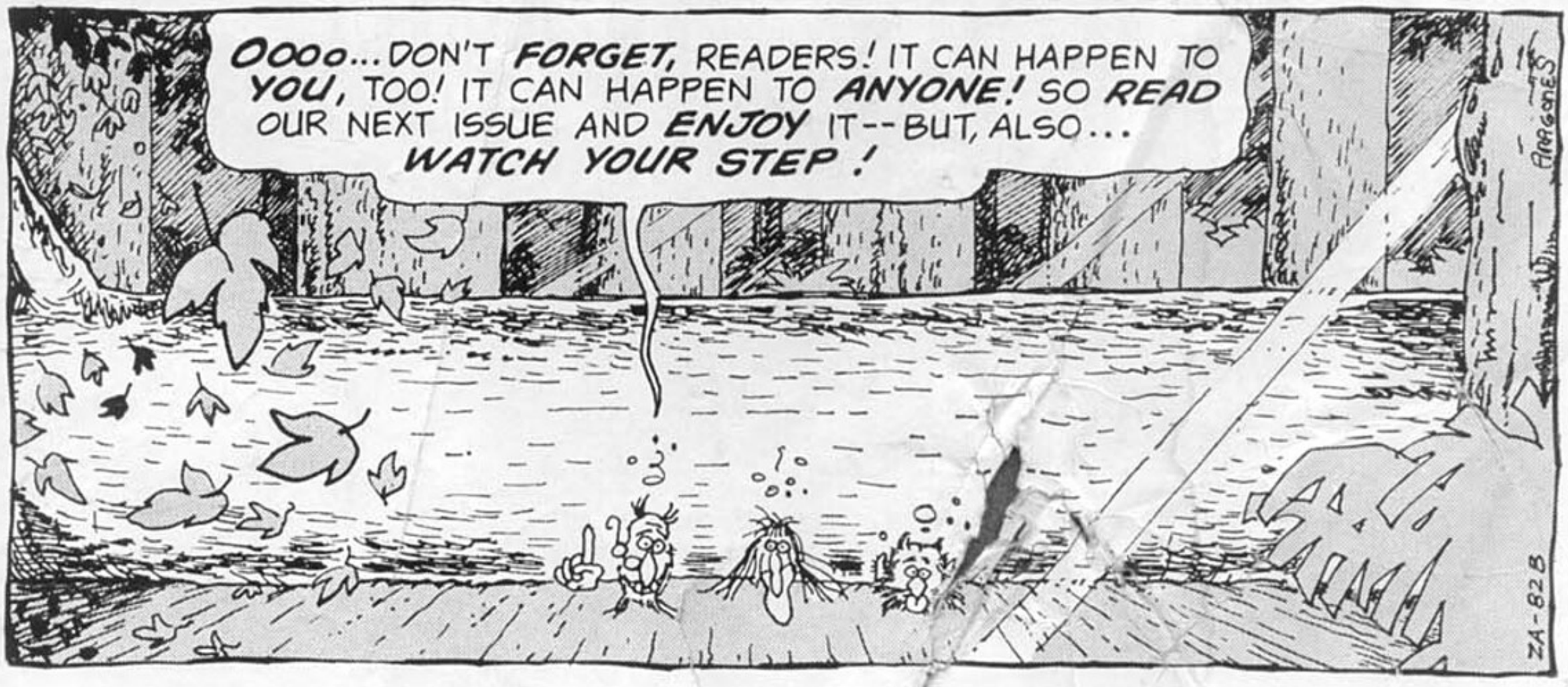
WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW, YODEL? THEY'RE TAKING YOU TO THE TRIBAL VILLAGE...
WHUT?? THEY'RE PUTTIN' ME ON SOME KIND OF ALTAR...!
NO, WAIT! IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A CHOPPIN' BLOCK!! OH,,NO!

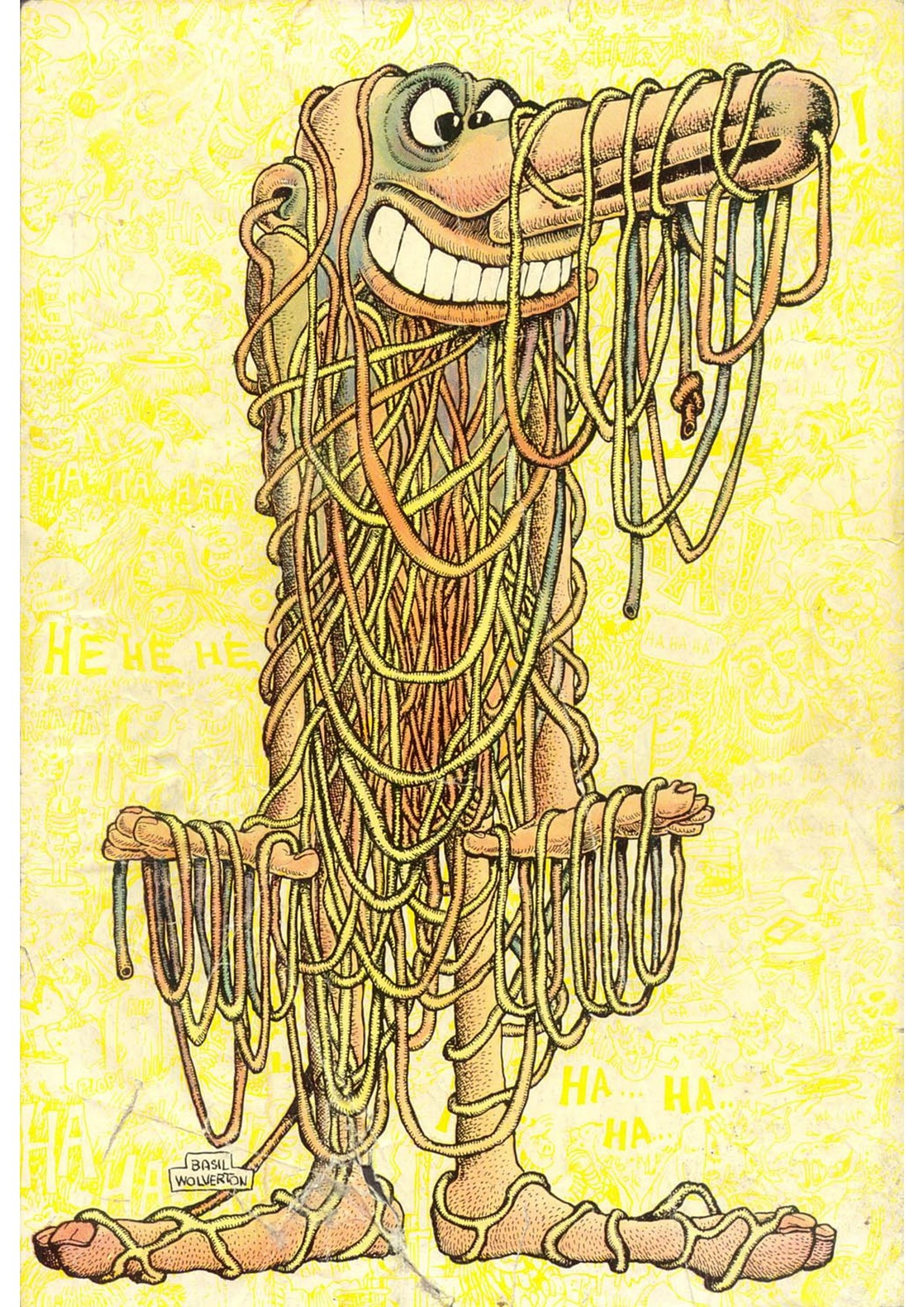
IT'S THAT DIRTY OL' CHIEF DARK CLOUD!
SHOULD'VE AIMED LOWER WHEN I SHOT AT HIS FEATHERS-- BLAST 'IM!!
I JUST WANT WHITE MEAT, MAW!
SCRIPT: GEORGE KASHDAN
ART NICK CARDY
7
HEE HEE HEE! POOR OLD YODEL! HE NEVER DID GET A CHANCE TO EAT ANYTHING THAT FINE THANKSGIVING! PROBABLY BECAUSE HE WAS ALREADY STUFFED BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE TABLE! HEE HEE HEE!
THE END

HA! HA! THAT'S FUNNY! JUST THINK--THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING PLOP TO PEOPLE FOR YEARS! FROM MARIE ANTOINETTE TO WATERGATE! HA! HA!
QUARK!!

? ? ?


PLOP!


OOOo...DON'T FORGET, READERS! IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, TOO! IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANYONE! SO READ OUR NEXT ISSUE AND ENJOY IT--BUT, ALSO... WATCH YOUR STEP!
ARAGONES
ZA-82B


HA HA HA
HE HE HE
HA... HA...
HA...
BASIL
WOLVERTON